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Allegiances

Lightclan: ***The determined and brave.***

Leader: Stormstar (black tom with ice blue eyes)
-
-
Deputy: Autumnpool (golden she cat with amber eyes)
-
-
Medicine cat:

Nutwhisker (light brown tom with green eyes)
-
-
Medicine Cat Apprentice:

Shinewing (golden furred she cat with amber eyes)
-
-
Warriors: (Sorted by: Eldest to youngest)

Dapplegrey (White she cat with grey speckles and vibrant green eyes) @TheChillMaster

Sunpatch (ginger tom with amber eyes)

Yellowpelt (light grey she cat)

Foxclaw (ginger tom)

Ashleg (grey coloured tom)

Cloudsun (white and grey tom)

Snowshadow (white she cat)

Blackleap (black furred tom with ice blue eyes)

Iceheart (white furred she cat with ice blue eyes)

Blizzardstorm (white and grey tom with blue eyes)

Goldpool (golden furred she cat with piercing yellow eyes)

Cheetahpelt (light brown furred tom with dark brown spots and orange eyes) @The_Warrior_Writer

Bluesnow (blue furred she cat with blue eyes) @The_Warrior_Writer

Tigerstripe (dark brown tom with black stripes and green eyes) @The_Warrior_Writer

Silverwing (grey furred she cat with red paws and ears) @jshin17

Tornwing (White furred she cat with soft ginger patches. Has only half of her tail left and her right eye is clawed shut by badgers) @jshin17

Hazefang (light furred she cat)

Silvershy (silver tabby she cat with lush green eyes) @Silverstxr

Greystep (grey tom with amber eyes)

Mistcloud (grey she cat with grey eyes)

Redwish (orange she cat with grey eyes)

Nightstrike(black tom with grey eyes)

Trueheart (black furred she cat with yellow eyes and yellow stripes) @paigemannning

-

-

Apprentices:

Sweetpaw (silver she cat) @jshin17

Amberpaw (golden she cat) @jshin17

-
-
Queens/kits:

Flowerstream (light grey she cat with amber eyes) Kits: Leafkit, Goldkit, Wolfkit, Smokekit

Flamefur (red furred she cat with orange eyes) @The_Warrior_Writer Kits: Tinykit, Emberkit, Lightkit, Maplekit, Blackkit, Fluffykit

-
-
Elders:

Dawnheart (Grey and silver tabby she cat with amber eyes and a scar down her left eye) @thewarriorcake55511

Echoclan: ***The shy and secretive.***

Leader: Silentstar

Deputy: Shadowface

Medicine cat: Horseblaze
-
-
Warriors:

Stormfang

Pebbletail

Mudtooth

Tanglesong

Burrcloud

Lilystripe

Runningclaw

Hopestrike

Hareleap
-
-
Apprentices:

Yellowpaw

Brookpaw
-
-
Queens/Kits:

Russetflare
Kits: Jaggedkit.
-
-
Elders:

None

Smallclan: ***The helpful and friendly.***

Leader: Sagestar

Deputy: Vipergaze

Medicine cat: Marigoldfur
-
-
Warriors:

Cedarclaw

Crowear

Ripplenose

Flightstripe

Redleaf

Blazestream

Adderberry

Curledtail

Snaketooth
-
-
Apprentices:

None
-
-
Queens/Kits:

Smokeshadow
Kits: Tinykit, Hollowkit
-
-
Elders:

Spiderstrike

Ravenclan: ***The ambitious and sneaky.***

Leader: Jaggedstar

Deputy: Spiketail

Medicine cat: Vixentooth
-
-
Warriors:

Blackfang

Venomflame

Rushclaw

Waspwing

Ebonyfire

Flareheart

Thunderstrike

Ashpurr

Fishheart

Snakeice

Firepelt

Robinblaze

Sparrowear

Spotsplash
-
-
Apprentices:

Beechpaw

Leafpaw

Sootpaw
-
-
Queens/Kits:

None

-
-
Elders:

None

Starclan: ***The mysterious.***

Silverstar (silver tabby she cat with lush green eyes) @Silverstxr

Skystar (snow white she cat with emerald green eyes)

Waterfly (blue-grey she cat with dark blue eyes)

Lightstar (white she cat with green eyes)

Jumpingstar (brown tom with amber eyes)

The Dark Forest: ***Pure Evil***

NoName (red-furred she cat with glowing white eyes)

Dime (black tom with brown tipped tail and paws and green eyes) @warriors_fanfics

Tyler (black and blue tom with blue eyes and blue dragon wings)

Strike (black and red tom with red eyes and red dragon wings)

Flare (golden orange she cat with yellow eyes and orange feathered wings)

Cats outside the clans

Zeye (pure white tom with glowing blue eyes) @warriors_fanfics

Zerec (light orange tom with black paws and orange glowing eyes) @warriors_fanfics

Prologue

Skystar's POV:

Her charms clicked together as she trotted towards a mist-covered clearing, her golden eyes glimmering in the darkness of night. Starclan territory was strangely deserted. So Skystar wasn't the only one who had felt the shift in the air. Something bad was coming and she had to warn Nutwhisker of this danger even when she knew so little as well.

Entering the chokingly thick mist, she emerged into the clearing where she usually met her kit. He was seated calmly in the centre, as if awaiting her arrival. "Mother." He meowed, his eyes guarded.

Skystar tried not to show her wince. Ever since the medicine had learned the truth of his heritage- that his father was the ruthless Magiclan leader Rabbitstar- he had turned cold towards her. It wasn't much of a surprise, but it still affected her. "Nutwhisker, you know of NoName's attack, yes?"

"All I know is that she will attack at some point in the future." Nutwhisker replied, green eyes blank as he stared at his mother. "Have you come to give me some more guidance?"

"Starclan are as blind as you are, but what I know for sure is that she will strike soon and suddenly." Skystar took a step towards the brown tom but paused when he recoiled backwards, lips curling back. "There is a prophecy that will help guide you."

"Let's get it over with then." Nutwhisker lashed his tail. "I have things to do."

"Cure the lost storms and the cat of no name shall perish by fire, fabricating an era of crimson." Skystar recited before Nutwhisker began to fade. "Don't let NoName win, you must survive."

"No promises." Nutwhisker chuckled bitterly before he faded

completely.

Chapter 1

Silvershy's POV:

The sky rumbled loudly and Silvershy forced her legs not to tremble as she stared directly up at the gathering clouds, her right paw outstretched above her head and pointing at the sky. Her other paw was planted firmly on the ground, claws unsheathed and digging into the soil. The sky flashed as lightning struck the ground barely fox-lengths away and Silvershy bit her tongue harshly to stop a yowl of fear from escaping.

Another lightning bolt slammed into the ground near her and she felt her whole body tense up even further. "Stormstar!" She yowled against the rumbles of thunder. "Stop with the teasing!"

"I'm not teasing." The Lightclan leader replied calmly from a branch above her head. "I just can't aim lightning well."

"What?!" Silvershy shrieked, turning her wide green eyes to the black tom.

Stormstar rolled his shimmering blue eyes, the rest of his body covered in the darkness of late evening shadows. "Lightning is hard to control."

"I'm fearing for my life!" Silvershy spat, turning back to the sky just in time to see a lightning bolt come flying down to her. Everything went in slow motion as the crackling lightning found its target- her outstretched paw. Silvershy let out a gasp as the electricity shot down her foreleg and straight to her heart. She narrowed her eyes and quickly changed its course with her own powers, directing it away from her chest and down to her other foreleg. The lightning streamed down her foreleg and into the ground, leaving her body.

The second the lightning left her paw and went sizzling into the ground, she felt the impact of the bolt and staggered sideways, falling clumsily onto her side. Stormstar dropped down from his

branch, his eyes shining.

"You're not dead!" He grinned crazily down at the silver she cat, the thunderclouds quickly dispersing at his silent command.

Silvershy groaned, her fur standing on end. "I'm never doing that again! Even if it means never learning how to control lightning. It's dangerous and-" A black tail flicked over her mouth to cut off her rant and Stormstar chuckled insanely.

"You're definitely doing that again!" The black tom yowled, stepping back to marvel at the burn mark where she had directed the lightning to. "With these powers, you could turn any fight around with a flick of your tail!" He turned back to her, grinning widely. "Come on let's do it again!"

"No!" Silvershy hissed, getting to her paws.

Stormstar paused, his joyful expression faltering. "Seriously?"

"I nearly died!" Silvershy hissed. "And there's no way I'm risking it again just for some stupid over-powered skill! My teeth and claws work perfectly well."

"Not against other powerful cats." Stormstar growled, his eyes darkening. Silvershy took a step back at her leader's sudden change in mood. "And I'm your leader, what I say is law!"

Silvershy swallowed and stuttered. "Stormstar.. I don't want to argue with you, but I'm not going to try that again."

"You don't have a choice!" He snarled. "The battle with the Dark Forest looms over our heads! You must control lightning or you will kill us all!"

"Why can't you?" Silvershy demanded. "You have lightning powers!"

Stormstar stepped threateningly closer to her, his dark black fur bristling. "No! It must be you!"

The silver she cat glanced behind her, noticing that she had cornered herself against a tree with her leader rapidly advancing on

her. "Stormstar." She whispered. "Calm down. You're not thinking straight."

Stormstar bared his teeth and raised a paw above his head. "Do it again or I swear I will burn a hole through you!"

Silvershy growled, her gaze darting around for any escapes. "You wouldn't dare!" Her words were more for her sake than his; to help reassure her that he wouldn't really kill one of his warriors.

And unfortunately, she was wrong.

Stormstar let out a screech and ignited his paw in flames, lashing out at her. Silvershy ducked and rolled sideways, scrambling away as flames licked at her tail. She started running to the other end of the clearing and glanced back to see Stormstar lash out with a paw, fire shooting towards her. She leapt out of the way, feeling the heat of the flames on her haunches.

The black tom charged at her, his ice blue eyes glittering with fury as he sent another flurry of flames in her direction. Silvershy narrowly dodged his attacks, never having enough time to land any blows herself.

After a few more lunges and dodges, Stormstar mamaged to pin Silvershy down, his flaming paws scorching her chest as he held her down on her back.

"Stormstar stop!" Silvershy gasped, kicking and shoving against the lithe black tom.

He didn't budge, his eyes gleaming with pure rage. His teeth glinted in the light of his flames and he prepared to sink his teeth into her neck.

Silvershy felt a strange rush of adrenaline as her leader got ready to end her life and the slightly familiar feel of electricity stirred within her. As Stormstar lunged for her neck, she raised her paws to his face. She didn't even touch him before bolts of lightning shot from her forepaws and landed straight on his face.

The black tom let out a shriek- flames erupting around his body to

shield him the lightning- and staggered off her.

As soon as Silvershy was free from his hold, she lunged for him, knocking Stormstar down onto his back with a snarl. He didn't fight back; in fact his expression had changed *again.* This time he wore a face of awe and amazement. "Silvershy." He choked out, the fur on his muzzle seared from her attack. "You did it!"

"Huh?" Her grip loosened on him and he threw her off with a yowl of delight.

"You made lightning from nothing! That's amazing!" Stormstar gave a small victory leap in the air.

Silvershy stared at her leader. What was up with him? It had been three moons since the battle with Magiclan and he had been experiencing sudden and extreme mood swings. Were his nightmares returning?

Stormstar didn't notice- or ignored- her bewildered expression and yowled. "I've never been able to do that before, I can only take it from storms. But you.. you can create lightning from nothing. It lives inside of you already!"

Silvershy blinked, narrowing her eyes at the realisation. *So I* can *control lightning after all...*

"Come on, you've definitely earned a good meal for this!" Stormstar scampered away like an excited kit, back to camp.

Silvershy shook her head, staring after the black tom. "Sometimes it seems like I'm the mentor..."

A/N

Just a quick author's note,

Please vote in the comments whether you want shorter chapters with quicker uploads or longer chapters with slower uploads.

Thanks ^-^

Chapter 2 should be published tomorrow.

Chapter 2

Nutwhisker's POV:

"Cure the lost storms and the cat of no name shall perish by fire, fabricating an era of crimson." Nutwhisker mumbled to himself as he placed a bundle of old burdock root in the pile to throw out.

"What was that?" Shinewing asked, glancing at her mentor.

Nutwhisker shook his head and flicked his brown tail. "Nothing." He replied dismissively, turning to his next pile of herbs.

The two medicine cats were sorting through their herbs for when leaf-bare arrived. The forest was already getting steadily colder with a promise of rain on most days. Each morning the main clearing was often coated in slippery half-melted ice.

Nutwhisker sighed. The end of leaf-fall was a miserable time of year. Especially with the promise of a battle looming ahead.

He didn't notice Autumnpool's arrival until she cleared her throat. The brown tom turned and faced the golden she cat, raising his drooping eyelids in question.

The deputy glanced at Shinewing and then at Nutwhisker again. "I received a prophecy last night, and I think you should hear it."

Nutwhisker pricked his ears in interest. Had Autumnpool been given the same prophecy Skystar had given him? "Let's hear it."

"Cure the lost storms and the cat of no name shall perish by fire, fabricating an era of crimson." Autumnpool recited, looking at both medicine cats.

Nutwhisker nodded at the confirmation. "I was given the same prophecy two nights ago. I haven't thought much about it yet, but perhaps we should now."

Autumnpool nodded and glanced up at the tunnel to check if anyone else was coming. Once she seemed certain that they were truly alone, the deputy took a seat near the nests and started. "The 'cat of no name' part is simple, it's NoName."

Nutwhisker nodded in agreement. "What about the lost storms?"

"Stormstar?" Autumnpool guessed, shrugging. "But how is he lost in the first place? He's not insane anymore."

Nutwhisker frowned. "Maybe it isn't him then. What if it really does mean a lost storm? Perhaps we need Stormstar to summon a thunderstorm."

"Maybe.." But the deputy didn't seem convinced.

"What about the era of crimson?" Shinewing meowed, glancing between Medicine cat and Deputy.

"Crimson could mean anything." Autumnpool meowed. "Blood is the most obvious thought.. Is there anyone with the prefix 'crimson' or 'blood' in their name?"

"Nope." Shinewing popped the 'p.'

"Huh.." Autumnpool shrugged and sighed. "This is going well..."

"Why don't we-" Nutwhisker was cut short by a fierce growl from the medicine tunnel entrance. The three cats all looked up to see Stormstar standing at the entrance, blue eyes narrowed in anger.

"You're having a meeting without me?" Stormstar snarled, his dark black pelt seemed to suck in the morning light from outside so that the den was plunged into darkness. "I'm clan leader! Why wasn't I invited?"

Autumnpool blinked in confusion and glanced at Nutwhisker and Shinewing, who both shrugged. She turned back to Stormstar. "Is something wrong?"

"You had a meeting without me!" Stormstar hissed, his forepaws igniting in flames. "Do you not trust me as clan leader?!"

"Stormst-" Nutwhisker gasped as the black tom flung a fireball at him. He ducked and scrambled away in surprise. *What's gotten into him?!*

"Nutwhisker!" Stormstar snarled. "You tried to keep me out of it didn't you? You hate me don't you?" He advanced on Nutwhisker, stopping when Autumnpool stepped in the way.

"Stormstar calm down." Autumnpool meowed sternly. "You're not thinking straight."

Stormstar let out an insane laugh. "The last cat who told me that nearly got killed." Then he lunged, pinning Autumnpool down.

Nutwhisker gasped and rushed to help, using all his strength to knock Stormstar off the deputy. Stormstar turned to him, teeth bared in an angry snarl. Nutwhisker stared at his leader nervously. "St-Stormstar.."

Stormstar let out a screech and pounced on Nutwhisker, easily pinning him down on his back. The black tom's fire-tipped claws dug deep into the medicine cat's chest and he gritted his teeth against the pain.

The fight was short-lived because from there, warriors poured into the medicine cave and hauled Stormstar- kicking and screaming- off Nutwhisker.

Chapter 3

Silvershy's POV:

"Silvershy?"

She looked up when she heard a voice from the darkness. She recognised that voice in a heartbeat. "Tyler!" She snarled. "Stay away from me!"

"Just listen to me for a second!" The black and blue tom pleaded, emerging from the shadows that made up her dream.

"No!" She unsheathed her claws. "And if you get any closer to me I won't hesitate in killing you!"

He stopped in his tracks, standing frozen a few tail-lengths away. "I just came to talk."

"About what?" Silvershy hissed, her green eyes guarded.

"First of all, I am truly sorry about what Strike did to Eagleflight." He began, his calculating blue eyes tracking every movement she made.

Silvershy didn't believe him one bit, but she nodded her head silently in understanding. Tyler's eyes lit up with hope.

"You forgive me?" The Dark Forest tom asked, taking a step towards her.

Silvershy held her ground and stared at him. "No."

His ears drooped by a fraction of an inch. "Please?"

"There is absolutely no way I'm forgiving you." Silvershy hissed, growing impatient. "I'm also not joining you in the Dark Forest and I will kill you now if you don't leave me alone!"

Tyler took a deep breath. "If you kill me, Strike will come for you. And believe me, you will be begging for death once he gets you."

Silvershy tried not to let the fear show. "Just leave me alone!"

"No, not until you stop thinking of me as some kind of heartless monster!" Tyler hissed, his eyes narrowing as he grew angry. "I was once a normal clan warrior as well!"

"Oh yeah? Prove it!" Silvershy snarled. "Prove to me that you aren't evil!"

"I can't do that because I *am* evil! As long as I'm with NoName at least." He lashed his tail. "But I'm not heartless."

"Then prove that you were once a good warrior." She snapped in response.

"How?" He flattened his ears.

"What was your warrior name?"

Tyler was silent for a few seconds, as if trying to remember. "Uh.. Falconheart."

"Liar." Silvershy growled. "You're lying!"

"I'm not lying, that was my name!" Tyler hissed and stared at her. "Please Silvershy you have to believe what I'm saying!"

"I don't believe you at all, you don't really like me you just want me to join your side. Well I'm not." Silvershy growled. "And if you don't leave immediately I will kill you."

Tyler stayed put. Silvershy let electricity crackle at her paws and the black and blue tom sighed heavily before leaving, his spiked tail lashing after him into the darkness.

Chapter 4

Flamefur's POV:

Flamefur jumped awake from a sudden cry of a kit. She looked down at her belly, where her kits were sleeping, to see Tinykit writhing and kicking against her littermates. Her sleeping face was twisted into a look of terror.

With a sharp intake of the late morning air, Flamefur gently shook her kit. "Tinykit wake up, it's only a bad dream!"

The little kit siezed up under her paw, her claws stretched out as she battled with invisible foes.

"Tinykit!" Falmefur hissed again, causing the other kits to awaken.

Blackkit pawed worriedly at his sister. "Tinykit? Are you okay?" The calico tom looked up at Flamefur. "Mumma what's wrong with Tinykit?"

Flamefur brushed her tail soothingly along her kit's spine. "It's alright Blackkit, she's just having a bad dream.."

"Wake her up!" Blackkit squeaked and pawed at his sister again. "Tinykit!"

Suddenly, Tinykit snapped awake with a cry. Flamefur immediately wrapped her paw around her kit and tugged her close to her chest. "It's alright, you're safe."

"Mu-Mumma.." Tinykit whimpered, burying herself in Flamefur's golden chest fur. "Why did you do that?"

"Do what, sweetie?" Flamefur asked, kicking Tinykit's head.

"You... You hurt me.." Tinykit sobbed into her fur. "Why? What did I do?"

"It wasn't me." Flamefur murmured. "That was your nightmare."

"But you were there... how?" Tinykit cried, her tears dampening Flamefur's fur.

"It wasn't me." Flamefur repeated. "That was an illusion. NoName sent that to you, she hurt you. Not me." As she spoke, anger rippled under Flamefur's skin. *How dare she scare my kit. What more does she want? She killed Metalclaw, that was enough.*

She forced down a scoff at her own stupidity. *NoName won't stop until everyone is dead, mouse-brain.* Then Flamefur let out a faint sigh. *And now I'm a target. Me and my kits.*

"Mumma... I'm scared.." Tinykit whimpered. "I don't want to sleep.."

"You must, Tinykit. Come on, sleep here and I'll protect you." Promised Flamefur as she pressed Tinykit closer to her. "You're safe as long as I'm here."

Tinykit nodded slightly and curled into a tight ball, snuggling into Flamefur's chest. Flamefur closed her eyes as well and willed herself into the Dark Forest.

"You called?"

Flamefur looked up to see Flare standing before her, a slight smirk on her lips.

"I want to speak with NoName." Flamefur growled, glancing across to see Flare's wing was still injured from the battle. A spark of confidence shot through her; Flare couldn't fly.

Flare noticed Flamefur's gaze on her wing and tucked it further on her back, out of sight. "NoName is busy." She informed.

"Then I want you to tell her something." Flamefur lashed her tail.

Flare scoffed, but nodded her head the slightest bit. "Go ahead."

"Tell her to keep away from me and my family. Because if she doesn't, she won't survive the consequences." Flamefur snarled and took a step closer to Flare.

The ginger she cat stared at Flamefur. "Directly threatening my sister like that will only end in your death, along with your kits." She paced closer to Flamefur until they were nose-to-nose. "But that wouldn't matter anyway, because you're going to die now." Then Flare lunged for her.

Short chapter yey -3-

Chapter 5

Nutwhisker's POV:

"Stormstar." Nutwhisker hissed. "Wake up."

The black tom jolted awake, his blue eyes staring around him. "Where am I? What happened?"

"You're in your den." Nutwhisker meowed, keeping himself a good distance from his leader. "Safe and sound."

Stormstar looked up at his medicine cat. "What are you doing here?"

"Making sure that you are ok." Nutwhisker replied.

"I'm fine." He replied, but his eyes were wide and worried. "Perfectly fine."

"What's wrong?" Nutwhisker asked in a soft voice. "Are the nightmares returning?"

"They never left.." Stormstar's claws unsheathed and sank into the moss of his nest. "Nutwhisker.."

"Yes?"

"I'm scared.. Lightclan is going to perish.." The black tom gritted his teeth, his eyes suddenly flashing in anger. "I can't do anything to stop it.." His anger was swiftly replaced with sadness and he lowered his head to his paws. "NoName will rein."

"Stormstar, we will make it through this battle. Just as we have done every other time." Nutwhisker promised firmly.

"No..." Stormstar muttered and looked up at Nutwhisker again. "You're on her side aren't you? You're going to kill me..." His breath quickened as panic seemed to set in. "Don't come any closer!"

"I'm not on NoName's side." Nutwhisker stayed still. "She's just messing with your head."

"No!" Stormstar hissed, rising to his paws. He stared around the den with wide, fearful eyes. "It's not NoName! It's something else!"

Curiosity sparked inside of Nutwhisker. "What is it?"

"It's inside of me." He muttered, ears flattening. "Controlling my thoughts.." He hissed and screwed his eyes shut. When he reopened his eyes he glared at Nutwhisker in anger. "You did this to me!"

"No I didn't." Nutwhisker fought to stay calm as Stormstar stepped closer to him.

"You're trying to control me.. Manipulate me..." The black tom let out a deranged snarl. "It's you!"

It was time to leave. Nutwhisker stood up and backed out of the entrance, leaving Stormstar wailing inside his den.

The cool sea breeze tugged at Nutwhisker's fur and he let out a slow breath, closing his eyes. He sat on the sand, overlooking the sea. Alone.

The beach calmed him; the sounds, the scents. Everything about the beach was so calm and made Nutwhisker feel safe. It was odd, because not so long ago the sea had ravaged through their territory.

He felt a presence by his side and peeked open one eye to see a white tom sitting calmly beside him, facing the waves. He flinched in surprise, darting away. The white tom turned to look at him, revealing a burn scar on the left side of his face. "Hi Nutwhisker." He meowed.

"Who are you?" Nutwhisker asked, his paws kicking up sand as he backed away from the strange white tom.

"The name's Zeye." He flashed Nutwhisker a small smile.

Nutwhisker's eyes narrowed. "What are you doing here?"

Zeye gave a small, innocent shrug. "Just here to cheer you up."

"I don't need cheering up." Nutwhisker muttered stubbornly. "I just want to be alone for a bit."

Zeye shuffled closer to Nutwhisker. "Come on, give it a try. Social interaction is good for you."

Nutwhisker rolled his eyes. "I do enough interaction with other cats. I now need space to think."

"About what?" Zeye edged even closer to him so that his breath tickled Nutwhisker's ear tips.

Nutwhisker looked at Zeye. Who was this cat? Where did he come from? "None of your business."

"But I could help you." He insisted.

Nutwhisker kicked at the sand with a forepaw and sighed. "Stormstar's being difficult. He's developed these... Dramatic, unpredictable mood swings."

"I see." Zeye meowed. "Is there a way to cure him?"

"I don't know..." Nutwhisker flattened his ears and sighed. He felt Zeye's tail curl around him and he didn't move away, welcoming the new warmth from the stranger. "I don't know what to do. We have been without a leader for too long, we need to do something."

"Perhaps Stormstar could step down and let Autumnpool take over." Zeye suggested.

"Everytime I mention it to Autumnpool she refuses." Nutwhisker sighed.

"Then we choose someone else." Zeye seemed to smile hopefully at the thought.

"Who?"

"Flamefur..?" Zeye shrugged. "She seems like a good choice. I've seen her in battle and she's pretty good for a mortal." Nutwhisker blinked in confusion at Zeye's word choice. He noticed the medicine cat's confusion and meowed. "I'm immortal."

"Oh." Nutwhisker mumbled, his confusion only worsening.

"Now, this conversation isn't helping your mood. We need to do something else." Zeye stood up and walked closer to the water. "How about a swim?"

"No thanks, I can't swim." Nutwhisker muttered but his body was suddenly surrounded by blue mist and he was lifted into the air. "No, no, no!" He flailed his paws. "Zeye!" He snapped.

"Come on I bet you'll like it!" Zeye chuckled.

"Put me down!" Nutwhisker hissed.

"Ok, ok." Zeye rolled his eyes and let Nutwhisker float gently back to the ground. "Come here." He flicked his tail for Nutwhisker to sit by his side.

Nutwhisker padded uncertainly up to Zeye and sat down. He tensed briefly when the white tom leaned down and gave his forehead a warm lick, but as the licks continued he was lulled into a calming trance. "Don't worry." Zeye whispered between licks. "Everything will work itself out in the end."

Nutwhisker clung to Zeye's words, as they seemed to be the only hope that remained.

Chapter 6

I made a special edition for NoName:

It is called:

Warriors: Awakening The Shadows (Lightclan Special Edition)

Flamefur's POV:

Flare bit deep into her shoulder and Flamefur reeled backwards, throwing the winged she cat off her. She took a few long strides backwards, putting as much distance from the evil she cat as possible. Flare paced ever closer, her lips drawn back in a lazy grin, her teeth glinting in the strange Dark Forest lighting.

Flare lunged again and Flamefur numbly leapt out of the way. Flare tried again to pin her down, but Flamefur escaped again. *Her injured wing is just dead weight now! She's slower and clumsier!* Flamefur realised with a jolt. *I could beat her!*

As Flare prepared to leap for her again, Flamefur charged forwards and hooked her paws around Flare's neck, swinging onto the she cat's back. Her teeth dug into the back of Flare's head and her claws pricked the orange she cat's shoulders. Flare writhed and struggled, her uninjured wing unfolding to hit Flamefur off but she held on, her teeth tearing at her flesh.

Flare let out a yowl of outrage as she lost her footing and fell on her side. Flamefur pinned the other she cat firmly down, giving her no escape. Flare's forepaws scrabbled at the ground, her yellow eyes stretched wide in surprise. "Get off me!" She ordered, her voice shaky.

"Not a chance, fox-breath!" Flamefur snarled and dug her claws into Flare's cheek. "I'm going to make you pay for all the death and

suffering you have caused! And then it's NoName's turn!"

Flare gritted her teeth and gave her one last kick- a final effort to escape. After the kick proved useless, Flare stilled, panting. "You're going to be killed." She breathed. "The moment my dead body is found you will be hunted down and slain."

"Who says I'm going to kill you now?" Flamefur growled.

Flare seemed confused. "What are you going to do?"

"You're going to take us to the living world where I will make your death slow and painful." Flamefur hissed. "Then I will toss your body away where no one will find it."

Flare swallowed thickly and muttered. "And you say you're the 'good' cat. You're as bad as us."

Flamefur bared her teeth and dug them into Flare's shoulder. The orange she cat hissed, her foreleg flailing to be freed. But then she stopped struggling all of a sudden, her gaze travelling to something behind Flamefur.

Flamefur turned around slowly and she froze when she saw Strike and Tyler standing silently behind her, their blue and red eyes ablaze with anger.

Strike lunged first, knocking Flamefur off Flare. His claws sank deep into her, drawing blood. Flamefur kicked Strike away but with a simple stroke of his wings he was back on the attack. Flamefur was backed into a thick patch of undergrowth where the two brothers closed off her only escape route.

"Think you can abuse our sister and get away with it?" Strike snarled and scored his claws along the ground. "I'm going to kill you before you can cause anymore trouble here!"

Strike pounced on Flamefur, pinning her down on her back. She kicked furiously at his underbelly but he stayed securely ontop of her.

"Strike!" A harsh yowl of a she cat sounded behind them and

Flamefur struggled to look over the dark furred tom's shoulder to see NoName standing furiously before them. "What are you doing?"

Strike let out a low growl and released Flamefur, turning around to face his sister. "Killing someone who sorely deserves her death."

NoName didn't so much as look at Flamefur as she meowed back. "Flamefur could be useful to us. Why would we kill her?"

Tyler cut in with a slight sigh. "She attacked Flare."

"I'm aware of that." NoName spared Flare a short glance, her glowing white eyes revealing no emotion. "She did. That proves she is a lethal warrior. We could use her skill."

Flamefur wondered if they had forgotten about her presence in the clearing but as she took one tiny step to escape, Strike growled warningly and she sat back down.

"Get her." NoName ordered. "And we'll speak of this in more detail tomorrow."

Strike turned back around, his red eyes burning with annoyance as he crouched down slighlty to grab her. Flamefur darted to the side but Strike lunged and caught her, his teeth digging painfully into her scruff.

Tyler came up beside them and helped drag Flamefur to wherever they were going to keep her. Flamefur struggled and tried to escape but it was no use.

But then Strike went limp and collapsed on the ground by Flamefur's paws, his eyes stretched wide in pain. In his place stood Silvershy, the silver she cat smirking as she lunged for Tyler, knocking out the black and blue tom with a simple touch of her paw.

Chapter 7

Silvershy's POV:

A look of relief washed over Flamefur's face and Silvershy smiled proudly as Tyler's body thumped heavily on the ground. She forced down the worry she held for the black and blue tom, quickly reminding herself that he was evil and deserved to be knocked out like that.

Flare hissed from behind them. "You're both dead!"

Flamefur put on a lazy grin and turned to Flare. "I think you'll be the dead one if you stay here any longer." She gave Silvershy a pointed glance and the silver she cat gave a menacing grin at the winged she cat.

Flare flattened her ears but also lowered her head, her yellow gaze falling to her forepaws. "NoName will kill you the moment she finds out you escaped."

"Let her try." Flamefur growled fiercely. "I bet she'll fail."

Silvershy was surprised by Flamefur's confidence with the threat of the Dark Forest leader killing them. How could she be so at ease threatening the strange, white-eyed she cat. Silvershy guessed Flamefur had grown tired of being scared and hiding away or simply didn't care anymore.

Flare bared her teeth at the two Lightclan she cats before disappearing into the undergrowth, no doubt off to find NoName and send the entire Dark Forest after them.

"Come on." Flamefur flicked her tail and trotted away, her body low to the ground as she slunk through the darkness.

Silvershy cast one final look at Tyler. He looked so peaceful while asleep, his face no longer twisted into that evil sneer that never

truly left during his waking hours. His limbs were tiwsted at uncomfortable angles underneath him and Silvershy bit her lip in annoyance before quickly arranging the unconscious tom into a more comfortable position. She tucked his paws neatly under his chest and curled his spiked tail around him, tracing her paw gently up to his face.

Silvershy stared down at Tyler, her paw falling from his face back to the ground. For a second, she wondered if he really did like her, and that it wasn't just a trick.

Suddenly Tyler moved in his sleep, his paws snaking around one of her forepaws, tugging it closer to him. Silvershy tensed up and eased her paw out of his gentle grip, taking a few uneasy steps back. She watched as Tyler's paws sluggishly searched the floor for her, eventually growing still when they couldn't find her.

"No." Silvershy muttered to herself, turning to leave. "I don't like him. He doesn't like me. He is evil. Heartless." She kept chanting those words in her head, fighting to reassure herself that it was true.

But every time she chanted those words, it became more and more clear that they were very far from the truth.

Flamefur's POV:

Flamefur hid in the thick undergrowth, watching as Silvershy flinched away from Tyler's touch, shuffling away as his paws reached out for her again.

If she's falling for him... Starclan save her... Flamefur sighed softly to herself. She had been mates with Metalclaw- a minor Dark Forest warrior. But Silvershy... She was falling in love with Tyler- NoName's brother. One of the higgest ranking Dark Forest warriors. She was getting herself into a heap of trouble, especially if NoName was planning to launch an attack.

As Silvershy turned to leave, Flamefur darted away. She slunk

quickly through the undergrowth, making sure she drew far enough ahead of Silvershy so that it didn't look like she had been watching the silver tabby she cat.

When Silvershy reached her, the warrior's face showed nothing of what had happened back there with Tyler. She held a serious look on her face that told Flamefur she wanted to leave the Dark Forest as soon as possible.

"We'll stop here- we're far enough away." Flamefur sat down in the cover of a bush, rolling onto her side. "Sleep comes surprisingly easy here..." She remembered her days training in the Dark Forest. Back when everything was fine. Now Lightclan was on the brink of war and she was stuck in the nursery with her dead mate's kits. Hopefully NoName waited until they were apprenticed before she struck.

Silvershy was snoring in seconds, the silver she cat fading from view as she awoke back in Lightclan camp. Flamefur followed soon after.

I've been busy busy busy today!

Got this chapter completed, plus a Lightclan Short part and another chapter for Awakening The Shadows is halway done :D

It feels good to not procrastinate for once.

Chapter 8

Nutwhisker's POV:

Nutwhisker awoke to find himself still on the beach. Zeye was no where to be found, he was alone and at the mercy of the cool salty breeze. He stood up and stretched, shaking the sand from his fur. Then he began padding back to camp.

"Forgot about me?" Zeye's voice sounded behind him. Nutwhisker spun around to see the white tom holding a plump rabbit in his jaws. *Oh, so he didn't leave me after all.*

"Where did you catch that?" Nutwhisker asked. There weren't any rabbits in their territory.

"Outside your territory." Zeye replied.

"Of course." Nutwhisker rolled his eyes and sat down again.

"Join me for some food." Zeye meowed.

Nutwhisker shook his head. "I need to get some moss first, I'm sick of getting sand in my fur."

Zeye laughed, but nodded. "Could you get some moss for me as well?"

Nutwhisker nodded and began trotting back into the forest. He looked around for the moss patch he usually took from. *Where is it?* He sighed.

Suddenly the air was knocked out of his lungs and a heavy weight dropped ontop of him. Nutwhisker let out a yowl and looked up to see the narrowed eyes of a fox glaring down at him.

The fox dug its claws into his back, its jaws sinking into his neck. Nutwhisker yowled and writhed. "Help!" He cried out.

There was a yowl beside them and Zeye flung the fox off Nutwhisker. The fox growled and spun around to face Zeye. The white tom snarled angrily and flung his paw at the fox, sending it sprawling on the ground. Nutwhisker scrambled to his paws, coughing as blood seeped into his neck fur. It wasn't a fatal wound, but it hurt.

The fox lunged for Zeye but he darted out of the way and held it back with a blue forcefield. The fox growled and pushed against the forcefield, latching its teeth deep into Zeye's neck. The white tom parted his jaws in a yowl, his eyes wide. The fox snapped Zeye's neck and let the tom drop limply on the ground.

"No Zeye!" Nutwhisker wailed, his eyes wide in shock.

With an almost feline smirk, the fox turned to face Nutwhisker, Zeye's blood dripping down its jaws menacingly.

This is only 382 words...

Chapter 9

Nutwhisker's POV:

The fox eyes flickered blue for a heartbeat and it *meowed.* "Nutwhisker... You traitor..."

"What?" Nutwhisker gasped, his gaze glancing between Zeye's bloodied body and the talking fox.

"You chose him..." The fox swung its head to glare at Zeye, its lips peeling back to reveal its blood-stained teeth. "Not me."

"Who are you?" Nutwhisker demanded, his voice shaking as he backed behind a bush, trying to get as far away from the fox as possible.

"Only the one who cared for you all your life." The fox growled, it's body blurring from view. It reappeared as a grey tom, his blue eyes fixed on Nutwhisker.

The brown furred medicine cat let out a soft gasp. "Clearlight? What are you doing here?"

"You made the wrong choice, siding with him." Clearlight snarled, glaring at Zeye again. "He's a murderer, and he'll turn on you and your clan the moment he thinks you aren't worth his time."

"That's not true!" Nutwhisker hissed. "You don't know him!"

"Oh I know plenty about him." Clearlight snarled. "And I can tell you that he doesn't really care about you at all. But I care about you."

"Lies." Nutwhisker managed to hiss, his mind still reeling from the shock of Clearlight standing before him. "You don't care about me, and now I understand why, because I'm really Rabbitstar's son! You couldn't handle me being the son of the cat who tried to destroy Lightclan."

"That's not true." Clearlight insisted. "This all doesn't matter to be. I of all cats should know this." Nutwhisker knew he was referring to his Magiclan heritage.

"Nonsense." Nutwhisker hissed and dug his claws into the soil. "You never cared about me. You barely realised I existed!"

"That's not- Oh, whatever. You've already ruined everything!" Clearlight snarled and lunged for Nutwhisker. The brown tom yelped and darted away but Clearlight was faster.

Just as the grey tom's claws connected with Nutwhisker's muzzle, he froze in place. Nutwhisker- his heart racing in his chest- stared in horror as Clearlight's eyes bulged and suddenly exploded. Blood splattered everywhere, spraying on Nutwhisker's fur.

Clearlight fell to the ground with a loud wail, revealing Zeye standing behind him with narrowed glowing blue eyes. Nutwhisker backed away as Zeye lifted Clearlight up with his telekinesis and slammed him back on the ground. Clearlight screeched. "I killed you!"

"I can't die, but you can." Zeye snarled, snapping Clearlight's neck with a flick of his white paw.

Clearlight's body thudded to the ground and Nutwhisker stared at it in shock before looking up at Zeye. He then rushed over Clearlight's body and wrapped his paws around Zeye. "I thought you were gone forever!" He gasped, burying his muzzle in the tom's blood-stained neck.

"Only a selected few can kill me, and that poor excuse of a father is not one of them." Zeye murmured, nuzzling the top of Nutwhisker's head.

Nutwhisker sniffed, realising that tears had started brimming in his eyes. With an irritable sigh he brushed them away with a paw and sat back, his racing heart finally beginning to calm down.

He glanced back to see Clearlight's body had faded. *Forever.* He was gone forever. Not in Starclan nor in the Dark Forest. Perhaps he was

still somewhere, in a place beyond what they could see.

Zeye gave his neck a few scratches with his hind paw to brush away the dried blood, revealing his healed wounds underneath. Then he stood up, his gaze travelling to Nutwhisker's wounds. "We should get you back to camp where you can heal those wounds."

Nutwhisker nodded and stood up, walking in the direction of camp. Zeye padded beside him, his warm pelt brushing against Nutwhisker.

Chapter 10

Silvershy's POV:

"Silvershy?" Cheetahpelt waved his paw in front of her face. "You alive?"

Silvershy blinked her eyes a few times, looking up at the spotted tom standing before her. "Uh.." Her eyes were heavy with tiredness, but she nodded. "Yeah."

Cheetahpelt shook his head slightly. "Looks like you're about to fall asleep on your paws. Why did you insist on coming on this border patrol?"

She shrugged, not entirely sure herself. Perhaps it was to distract herself from her thoughts about Tyler. Since the moment she had left the Dark Forest, that had been all that was on her mind. Guilt nagged at her, weighing her down. Why did she suddenly feel so bad for him? He was still the same evil cat. What had changed?

"You're gone again." Cheetahpelt's voice echoed somewhere in the distance and Silvershy decided to focus on her clan mate standing before her instead of the black and blue tom haunting her dreams.

"Sorry." Silvershy muttered, walking again through Lightclan territory. "I've got a lot on my mind."

"Why don't you head back to camp now. Bluesnow and I can finish the patrol on our own." Cheetahpelt suggested softly.

Silvershy blinked and replied. "Really?" She sighed. "Thank you."

"No problem." He smiled and watched as she turned and began trotting back to camp.

Her nest was strangely cold as she settled into it. No matter how far

she snuggled into the moss, she couldn't get comfortable.

Silvershy rested her head on her paws, her tail wrapped around her, and closed her eyes.

Sleep came swiftly, and Silvershy found herself standing in the Dark Forest once again. Shivers ran down her spine as the cold creeped under her fur, nipping at her skin. The shadows around her looked like deep, never-ending holes of darkness.

Raising her head slightly above the dark mist, Silvershy searched the shadowed forest for any signs of the tom she was looking for. She jumped when something tapped her haunches and she spun around to see Tyler standing expectantly behind her.

His blue eyes held limited emotion, save for the permanent glint of something she couldn't quite explain. "Now what do you want?" His voice was low, tired. His body in a defensive stance as if he expected an attack from her.

Silvershy found herself choking on her words. She had planned a whole speech for him, a full apology. But the only thing she could force out of her parted lips was a feeble, "I'm sorry."

Tyler shifted his paws slightly, his claws testing the soft soil beneath him. "You're sorry." He echoed, his voice seemingly emotionless. His cobalt blue eyes bore into her, searching her face for any signs of deception. "You're sorry." He murmured in a softer tone, his left ear twitching.

"I really am sorry." Silvershy meowed, remaining rigid as Tyler took a step towards her. He didn't come any closer- he was simply testing her reaction.

A single blue forepaw trailed along the ground absent-mindedly as he spoke again. "And what are you sorry for?" He wanted her to acknowledge what she had done wrong.

Silvershy felt her tail twitch, but she quickly stood on it with a hind paw. "I'm sorry for seeing you only as the cat your sister has forced you to become, and not the cat cowering beneath."

By the way Tyler's face hardened, that hadn't been the apology he had expected. Even Silvershy herself was surprised by her own words. Where had that come from?

Suddenly Tyler took several steps closer to Silvershy until his breath fanned her face, ruffling her whiskers. She instinctively went to back away but one of his blue-furred paws reached out and rested firmly on her forepaw, holding it in place. Silvershy tugged her forepaw to free it from under his paw but it was no use.

Then Tyler leaned his muzzle barely half a whisker-length closer to her. Silvershy angled her head away, staring at the ground. Her heart was thudding loudly in her chest- it seemed to blot out any other noise around them. Fear clawed at her. What was Tyler doing?

She tensed up when something warm and wet rasped over the space between her ears. Silvershy snapped her head up to look at Tyler to see him smiling faintly at her. She blinked slowly at him and her suspicions were confirmed when the black and blue tom suddenly brushed his muzzle with her's, his tongue licking her nose.

Silvershy remained still, completely paralysed by the sensation of Tyler's tongue gently lapping at her muzzle and cheeks. How had she not seen that coming?

After only a short while, Tyler pulled his head away slightly. The flustered, love-struck tom was nowhere to be found, instead there stood a smirking Tyler. "Finally you understand." He whispered before stepping fully away from her.

Silvershy was left on wobbly limbs, her mouth hanging ajar as she stared at him. Tyler flicked her lower jaw with his tail, closing it. "So... Want to give this a try?"

She wasn't sure she wanted to get wrapped up in all the mess that came with Tyler, but she knew she couldn't refuse. Her answer was only a faint nod, her voice had been completely evaporated.

Tyler's beaming smile seemed to brighten the dark atmosphere around them by about ten times.

Chapter 11

Special Chapter

Tyler's POV:

It was the following night after Silvershy accepted him. Tyler waited impatiently for the silver she cat to appear. It was past sunset. She should be sleeping by now.

After what seemed like an eternity, Silvershy's body finally came into view. Her bright green eyes shone in the darkness and she glanced at him, a small smile rising on her lips. Tyler immediately smiled back.

"How was your day?" Tyler asked, tucking his wings behind him as he sat down.

Silvershy padded past the dense bushes and into the clearing he sat in. "Good. You?" She sat down a tail-length from him.

Tyler murmured softly. "Spent all day waiting for tonight. To see you again."

The silver she cat's whiskers twitched and her cheeks flushed. "Uh.. You really like me that much?"

He bit his tongue and clamped his jaws shut before he could blurt out how much he loved Silvershy. He didn't want her to be overwhelmed and leave him. He wouldn't be able to handle the loss. He had only just acquired her trust the other night, it wouldn't end well for him if he went too far. Tyler managed to utter a single word, his voice hoarse. "Yes."

Silvershy's blush seemed to deepen in colour before she composed herself and smiled brightly at him. "Well, I like you too."

Tyler nodded, a silent sigh of relief leaving his lips. "Thank you Silvershy, for trusting me."

"You're welcome." She purred in reply, amusement glinting in her eyes. "It wasn't easy trusting a Dark Forest tom such as yourself."

Tyler chuckled lightly and parted his lips to reply when something caught his eye. A pair of green eyes shone from the bushes behind Silvershy, glaring directly at the two of them. Once the cat realised he had been spotted, his eyes faded from view.

There was only one cat with the power of invisibility in the Dark Forest. Tyler's body froze up completely. *Dime..*

"Silvershy." Tyler murmured as quietly as possible. "Run. Now."

Silvershy narrowed her eyes. "Why?"

"Just trust me." Tyler gave her a nudge in the right direction. "Now go!"

Silvershy stared at Tyler curiously before dipping her head and darting out of the clearing. Tyler stood perfectly still, his gaze glued to the ground. His heart skipped a beat when he spotted pawprints being made in the ground by the invisible tom, heading straight for him.

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Dime's POV:

Mousebrain. What is he thinking? Dime strode right up to Tyler and swept his paws from under him before becoming visible.

Tyler scrambled to his paws and took a few steps back, his ears flattened. "What are you doing here?"

"Making you realise what a mistake you've made." Dime spat, pacing closer to Tyler. He couldn't wait to tell the whole Dark Forest about how NoName's supposedly 'loyal' brother was hanging around Silvershy. Tyler was going to be lucky if he escaped with his life, and so would Silvershy.

A low growl left the black and blue tom's lips. "This is none of your business. Leave now."

Dime rolled his eyes and replied. "I'm the highest ranking tom here, it's my business to know when cats are sneaking off to cause trouble."

Tyler hissed and turned to leave but Dime turned invisible and darted in the tom's way, laughing as he walked straight into him.

"NoName will be mad when she finds out what you're doing." Tyler warned, trying to get past the invisible tom.

"Oh she will be mad.. At you." Dime's smirk widened even although Tyler couldn't see it. He was playing a dangerous game by going against his mate's brother, but he was sure she would take his side on it. She had never been one to take pity on her siblings.

Tyler hissed and tried to run but Dime dug his claws into the dark furred tom's haunches and held him back. "Not so fast!" He grinned, turning visible.

Tyler twisted around and clawed at Dime, who faded out of sight and darted to attack the larger tom's unguarded side. He hissed as Tyler sank his teeth into Dime's foreleg and let out a yowl for reinforcements. Three Dark Forest warriors emerged from the darkness and helped Dime pin Tyler down.

After a lot of effort from all four cats, Tyler was successfully held down flat on his back just as NoName appeared.

Finally finished this chapter, thank you jetlag for waking me up at 6am.

Chapter 12

Special Chapter

NoName's POV:

"What is the meaning of this?" NoName seethed, her ears flattened.

Tyler was struggling against Dime and three other warriors, all four limbs and his wings held down. "Dime thinks it's a crime that I'm with Silvershy!"

NoName's ears pricked in interest, her anger fading in a flash. "She's with you now?"

"Yes." Tyler muttered, panting from the struggle. His tail flicked from side to side, kicking up dust.

Dime growled, his paws held firmly on Tyler's left wing. "He is weak. His love for Silvershy softens his heart."

NoName narrowed her eyes at the dark furred tom before letting out a soft laugh. "This could be used to our advantage. Silvershy's powers could mean a turning point in battle. If we get her on our side, our victory will be sealed."

Dime lashed his tail. "But NoN-"

"Let my brother do as he wishes, there will be no punishment." NoName's pure white gaze travelled to the three Dark Forest warriors and they immediately dipped their heads and darted away into the shadows.

As soon as the weight was released, Tyler threw Dime off him and snapped to his paws, muttering under his breath.

NoName strode over to Tyler and leaned up to murmur in her brother's ear. "If Silvershy does not join us in the next half moon, she will be killed." Tyler opened his mouth to argue, his lips drawn

back in anger, but NoName was already stalking away.

Dime fell into step beside NoName and he muttered. "Why did you do that?"

NoName didn't glance at him as she spoke, her eyes glaring at the trees around them. "He deserves some happiness."

Dime scoffed. "You're the Dark Forest leader. You don't give your warriors happiness."

"He's my brother." She replied, voice cold.

"That never seemed to stop you before." Dime's green eyes searched her face, trying to see what was different about NoName.

"Things change." Was all she said before breaking into a trot, pulling ahead of Dime.

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Snowshadow's POV:

"Stop running from me.." The distorted voice sang behind her, sending chills down her spine.

Snowshadow ignored the voice and ran faster, her breath billowing out in clouds before her eyes. All around her prowled the spiders. Giant cat-sized spiders with glowing red eyes. To say that she was terrified of the spiders was an understatement.

Her snow white pelt bristled as she turned a corner, right into the path of a spider. She skidded to a halt, twirling around to run back only to find the spider that had been chasing her had caught up. She looked around- thick thorn bushes surrounded her only other escape from the spiders.

The spiders slithered closer, their beady red eyes fixed on her. Snowshadow cowered in the centre of the clearing, her heart pounding so hard in her chest that she thought it would explode.

"Isn't this so much fun?" One of the spiders purred, their eyes

flickering white for a second.

Snowshadow couldn't say anything, she was too frightened. The spiders drew slowly closer.

"Mm..." The same spider that had spoken before murmured. "I bet you'll taste amazing.."

A small cry of terror left Snowshadow's parted lips and she curled into a tight ball on the ground, tears rolling down her cheeks. "Please no!" She wailed. "Leave me alone!"

The two spiders were nearly ontop of her, staring delightfully at their petrified prey. She whimpered and sobbed, burying her muzzle in her chest fur. "No..." She choked on her sobs.

One of the spiders drew one of its legs across her back and she started trembling uncontrollably. But then, the spiders disappeared and Snowshadow found herself alone in the dark, shadowed clearing.

A she cat's voice echoed around her. "Now, wasn't that fun?"

Snowshadow stayed in her ball, still sobbing and shaking. There was a sudden coldness beside her and she peeked one eye open to see dark mist snaking up her back, slowly surrounding her. In the darkness beyond, a red she cat with glowing white eyes strolled over to her.

"N-NoName?" Snowshadow whimpered, shuffling away as the she cat drew closer.

"Clever she cat." NoName chuckled, her eyes beaming as she examined the white she cat before her. "You'll make a fine addition to my shadows."

Without another second of warning, NoName had Snowshadow pinned down. She placed a red paw on her chest and forehead, eyes narrowed in concentration. Snowshadow let out a shrill cry as her soul was ripped from her body and darkness took over.

Chapter 13

Special Chapter

Strike's POV:

Strike's claws dug into the bark of the tree as he looked down at the forest floor. Dime was strolling through the darkness, passing some thorny bushes as he made his way to NoName's cave.

Dime paused and turned to look behind him. Strike quickly shuffled to the other side of the tree, hiding from view. Luckily Dime hadn't seen him. He breathed a small sigh of relief. If the dark grey tom found out Strike was watching him...

Strike sat down on a branch, watching as Dime's tail whisked out of sight as he padded down the tunnel into NoName's cave. He had discovered a sudden liking for Dime. He didn't know what to do. He had resorted to stalking his sister's mate in hopes of relieving his nerves but it only made it worse. He didn't understand what was going on. Why did he feel that way?

"Strike?"

He whirled around with a gasp to see Flare climbing up to his side. He had been so wrapped up in his problems that he hadn't noticed his sister turn up. "Flare?" He mumbled.

"Why were you following Dime?" Flare glanced at NoName's cave curiously.

"Uh..." Strike flattened his ears and shook his head. "I wasn't following him." He lied, his voice was vague but his eyes betrayed him.

Flare narrowed her yellow eyes. "Strike... Tell me what's going on."

He shook his head and spread his wings to fly away. He didn't want to speak to Flare. He didn't want her to know. Nobody could know.

Flare sighed. "Don't run away like a coward Strike. Just tell me what's wrong, I can help you."

Strike bit his lip, refusing to speak. He feared that if he did, Flare would hate him.

"Strike please." Flare murmured. After he continued to stay silent, she whispered. "Bounce?"

Strike let out a low growl, his fear turning into anger. "Do not mention that name."

"But it's your name." She replied.

"Was." Strike muttered back.

Flare shifted her weight from paw to paw. "Strike I want to help you. I swear on my life that I will be on your side and help, no matter what."

Strike's tail lashed and he muttered. "I have a crush."

Flare blinked in surprise. "I thought you were going to be forever alone like me. Who is she?"

"It's a he..." Strike whispered, his head lowering in shame.

Flare was silent for a bit before replying. "It's Dime isn't it?"

"Mhm." Strike sighed, shrinking into himself even more.

Flare placed a warm lick on his forehead. "It's alright, there's nothing wrong with liking Dime. The only problem is that he likes NoName, not you."

Strike closed his eyes and whimpered. "I don't know what to do, Flare! I'm so lost."

Flare's uninjured wing curled around him. "Shh.. Come on, let's go to the tree and we can talk more there."

Strike nodded faintly. "Okay.. Okay.."

Flare smiled reassuringly at him. He smiled softly back.

_____

Rabbitstar's POV:

Rabbitstar picked at the dried grass beneath his paws, growling to himself. Secretstar and Ratbreeze sat beside him.

The three fallen Magiclan cats sat in the Dark Forest, their tails lashing.

"How will we get Lightclan now?" Rabbitstar hissed. "NoName threatened to kill us again if we leave the Dark Forest."

"It's over Rabbitstar." Secretstar muttered. "No more crazy, mindless killing and murdering."

Ratbreeze snarled. "You've gone soft!"

Rabbitstar growled, pausing when he felt something tap his haunches. He looked down to see Goatpaw looking up at him with wide, fearful eyes. "Where's Starclan? I can't find it!"

"There is no place for us in Starclan." Rabbitstar spat. "This is all we've got."

Goatpaw lowered his head and sighed. "But Rabbitstar.."

"Stop whining!" Rabbitstar snarled. "You soft-hearted kit!"

The little tom flattened his ears, his eyes glazing with tears. "I want to see Mumma!"

"She's dead!" Ratbreeze sneered, grinning creepily at the apprentice. "Do you want to know who killed her?"

Goatpaw shook his head.

"Zeye did!" Ratbreeze continued. "She tried to get into Starclan and he slaughtered her."

Goatpaw wailed. "Be quiet!"

"You asked where your mama is, and we're telling you. She was killed by Zeye!" Rabbitstar snarled. "He is the evil one, he killed all of Magiclan. He killed you."

The apprentice started crying. "But why did he do that?"

"Because you Magiclan scum tried to kill his beloved clan." A cold voice muttered from the darkness. All eyes turned to see a pair of glowing red eyes glittering in the shadows. "Now, where is NoName, I wish to speak with her."

Rabbitstar hissed. "Probably hiding away in her cave while getting others to do her dirty work like the coward she is."

The grey cat smirked. "Don't be too salty, you'll regret it."

Rabbitstar snarled. "Watch your mouth or *you'll* regret it."

The tom laughed and flicked a paw. Red mist appeared around Rabbitstar and lifted him up into the air. He flailed his limbs with a gasp of surprise. The cat let him drop once he was high enough in the air. Rabbitstar yowled as he landed, his left foreleg snapping painfully under the impact. "Ahh!" He wailed, collapsing onto his side.

Secretstar snarled and shielded Rabbitstar from the strange grey tom. "Back off!"

The tom laughed. "The name's Zephyr by the way, and next time you threaten me you will be wishing for death." Then he turned and dove into the undergrowth, out of sight.

Another of Breezy's OCs YEEEEEEEEEE

Chapter 14

Nutwhisker's POV:

"Ah!" Nutwhisker hissed as Zeye carefully placed the mixture of goosegrass and chervile root into the medicine cat's neck wound.

"Sorry." Zeye muttered, trying to be even more gentle as he wrapped the herb in cobwebs.

Nutwhisker sighed, trying to keep as still as possible. "Now I know why the cats I treat complain so much. This stuff hurts more than the actual wound does."

"But it will make you feel better." Zeye meowed, sitting back to brush the stray cobwebs from his white furred paws.

"As long as infection doesn't set in." Nutwhisker muttered, reaching into his herb store for some fresh moss. He made a hiss of discomfort as his neck throbbed from the movement.

Zeye flicked a paw and the moss was surrounded by blue mist before it floated steadily towards Nutwhisker. "Where do you want this?"

"It's for the nests, the bedding needs changing." Nutwhisker explained, his paw resting back on the ground as he watched Zeye.

The white tom smiled and nodded before using his powers to efficiently change the bedding on all the nests in the medicine cave. Nutwhisker watched silently, a sudden realisation coming to him.

Zeye was immortal, he was centuries old. A cat like him wouldn't bat an eyelid at a normal mortal cat such as Nutwhisker or his clan. But somehow, Zeye cared for him so strongly that he had risked his life to save his. Nutwhisker suddenly realised how lucky he was to have a cat like Zeye actually seemimg to care for him.

Once Zeye was finished with the nests, Nutwhisker murmured.

"Thank you."

Zeye shrugged. "There's no need-"

"No, really. Thank you Zeye, for everything you have done to help me." Nutwhisker meowed. "It's nice to have someone around who cares."

Zeye dipped his head and with a purr. "I promise I will do everything in my power to keep you safe from harm." He smiled at the brown medicine cat, providing him with no clear explanation as to why.

Nutwhisker returned the smile, his green eyes shining.

NoName's POV: **(Another Special POV Yey)**

"There's someone who wants to speak with you, NoName." Fallencreek, the cat on guard, muttered from the cave entrance, his deep voice echoing down the tunnel and into NoName's ear.

She growled, lifting her head. Her glowing white eyes lit up the dark, spacious cave, revealing a dark silhouette in the tunnel entrance. A pair or red orbs were fixed on her, a strange gleam in them.

"The legendary NoName. Napping." The tom let out a bark of a laugh. "I'm glad to catch you at your most peaceful state."

"What do you want?" NoName snapped, her voice rough from sleep. Dime stirred from beside her, lifting his head to look at the cat watching them.

"I hear you're planning to destroy some clans." The grey tom murmured, striding closer. "I want in."

"How do I know I can trust you?" NoName hissed, her shadows thickening around her paws as the tom stopped a tail-length away.

"Oh come on, look at me. I look like the most stereotypical evil cat

out there." He snuck a glance at himself. "Dark-ish fur, glowing red eyes. The whole "evil cat" package."

NoName kept her guard up, she had had her fair share of tricks and deception in the past. There was no way she was trusting this tom yet. "What is your name?" She demanded softly, her thick red tail twitching against her nest.

"Zephyr." He gave her a lazy smirk. "Who's that?" His red eyes turned to Dime, who growled.

"My mate, Dime." NoName murmured.

"Not very scary looking with that bowtie." Zephyr was trying to hold back laughter and Dime's growl deepened.

NoName dug her claws into the ground. That tom was about to get a slap in the face with her shadows very soon. "Before joining us you must prove yourself trustworthy."

"Very well, what do you ask of me?" Zephyr turned back to her, his face serious once again.

"I need you to kill someone for me..."

Chapter 15

Flamefur's POV:

Flamefur trod over a pile of fallen leaves, grumbling when they made a terribly loud cracking noise. She paused and sniffed the air, trying to pinpoint where the strange scent was coming from.

Whilst on a solo hunting session to get some fresh air from the nursery, she had smelled something in the air. It was an odd smell that she couldn't quite explain. It smelled slightly of twolegplace and carrion.

She followed the odd smell, her muzzle lifted up in the air as she padded through Lightclan's forest toward the Ravenclan border.

Finally, she found the source of the smell.

Freezing in place, Flamefur caught sight of a feline body hanging by its tail from a tree. Blood covered the cat, its wide, sightless eyes a dull grey. She choked back a gasp when she realised who the cat was.

"Cheetahpelt!" She yowled, rushing to her dead brother. "No!" She felt tears well up in her eyes. "No! Who did this?!" She stared at her brother's bloody body. "NoName!" She snarled, hoping the Dark Forest she cat could hear her. "You sick foxheart! What do you want with me?!"

She had crossed the line. NoName was definitely in for it now. She and her Dark Forest minions had gotten Metalclaw killed and now Cheetahpelt. Her whole family was dying around her and she could do nothing. Anything she did made it worse. Was this how NoName was going to kill Lightclan? One by one, with everyone powerless to stop her.

"Flame-...fur.." There was a gasp as Foxclaw trotted up to her, his eyes widening as he saw Cheetahpelt's limp, hanging body. "What

happened?!"

"He was killed." Flamefur hissed, her anger being the most prominent of her emotions as she stared at her brother's body. "By one of NoName's cats."

Foxclaw growled. "We need to tell Stormstar."

"Yeah." Flamefur muttered, her tail lashing.

"Come on... Let's carry him back to camp.." Foxclaw murmured, helping Flamefur drag Cheetahpelt's body.

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YEY FOR A 300-WORD-CHAPTER -_-

Chapter 16

Flamefur's POV:

By the time they reached camp, Flamefur and Foxclaw were gagging from the overbearing scent of blood and dead.

Flamefur collapsed in the main clearing, panting from the long trek to camp. Within seconds, her clan mates were swarming them with questions flying around the clearing.

Nutwhisker pushed to the front of the crowd, gasping in shock when he saw Cheetahpelt's body. "What happened?"

"Cheetahpelt was killed." Flamefur growled, forcing down her grief and replacing it with a cool calm. "Slaughtered by one of NoName's warriors."

Nutwhisker stared at the mangled body, his green eyes side. "Oh no.."

There was a sudden growl from the leader's den and Stormstar stalked towards the crowd. "It was Nutwhisker!" He yowled. "He killed Cheetahpelt! He's on NoName's side!"

"No I'm not!" Nutwhisker hissed, his gaze wary as his eyes fixed on the black tom. "Stormstar please go back to your den."

"No! You can't keep me locked up in there! I am clan leader, I make the rules!" Stormstar snarled and pushed past Blizzardstorm and Trueheart so that he was nose-to-nose with the brown tabby medicine cat. "And I say you should be killed for your disloyalty to Lightclan!"

"I didn't kill anyone! I'm a loyal Lightclan medicine cat!" Hissed Nutwhisker, standing his ground before his leader.

Flamefur watched in surprise. If Nutwhisker didn't move away Stormstar was going to hurt him. Why was he being so foolish?

"I say Stormstar should step down as leader to allow someone else to take his place." Nutwhisker announced.

"Autumnpool's too much of a coward to take my place!" Stormstar growled, earning a low hiss from his deputy.

"I wasn't talking about Autumnpool." Nutwhisker replied, his green eyes flicking briefly to meet Flamefur's gaze. "There is someone elese who is more fit to be leader than any of you."

Stormstar followed Nutwhisker's gaze, and then scoffed. "No way, she is a Dark Forest sympathiser like you. I will not let Lightclan be ruled by the Dark Forest!"

The clan broke into hushed whispers and murmurs, their eyes wide and troubled as their medicine cat and leader glared at each other in silence.

Nutwhisker growled. "Stormstar, you must understand that we need to be strong. With you as our leader, we are weak."

"I am the rightful Lightclan leader!" Stormstar unsheathed his claws, flames igniting around his paws. Nutwhisker's tail lashed in anger but his eyes betrayed his fear.

Stormstar raised his paw and lashed out at Nutwhisker. The clan gasped in shock and Flamefur snapped to her paws to intervene but Stormstar's paw was stopped by a wall of blue mist appearing between the leader and medicine. The wall slowly moved, encasing Stormstar in an inescapable blue sphere. Through the partly blurred blue screen, Flamefur watched as Stormstar tried to burn a hole through the cage and bang against it, his yowls of outrage muffled greatly.

Zeye emerged from the clump of bushes at the edge of camp, only his ears angled towards the sphere to keep it up. The white furred tom glanced around the clan, his expression strangely calm. Flamefur heard cats whisper in hushed voices about his scar and she wondered if he hadn't heard- or he didn't care.

He turned to face Flamefur and she bit her lip as his blue gaze met

her amber one. "Flamefur, I believe you should be Lightclan's new leader in Stormstar's place and I think the clan agree with me." He glanced at the gathered cats. A few of them gave slight nods in agreement. Stormstar was banging against the cage with angry yowls.

Flamefur shook her head, not ready for the sudden responsibility. "Uh... I-I don't know..." She mumbled.

"You have to." Zeye meowed.

"Can I think about it for a while?" She asked.

The white tom dipped his head. "You have half a moon." Then he blinked away, freeing Stormstar from his blue cage.

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Chapter 17

Nutwhisker's POV:

"What do we do?" Autumnpool fretted, her eyes narrowed as she stared between Nutwhisker and Flamefur for answers.

Flamefur shrugged. "Stormstar needs to step down. Let's find a way to do that first before thinking about anything else."

"Okay..." Autumnpool mumbled, her voice raised in a panic. "Stormstar doesn't want to step down, so there's already a huge problem right there."

"Do you think we could somehow trick him?" Nutwhisker suggested, his green eyes thoughtful.

"No, he will suspect something." Flamefur meowed. "He has power over fire and lightning, he could kill us all if he gets out of control."

"Then what do we do?" Nutwhisker dug his claws into the ground of the medicine cave, staring between the two she cats. "Kill him?"

"That would work." Flamefur meowed, her ears perking.

"I was joking!" Nutwhisker hissed, lashing his tail. He was beginning to get too frustrated about the situation and every little utter from someone else set him further into anger.

"Then what else do you suppose we do?" Flamefur sighed, rolling her eyes.

"I think Flamefur should go to the Moonfall and see if she can receive her nine lives even with Stormstar still alive." Autumnpool meowed.

Nutwhisker saw Flamefur tense and he narrowed his eyes. "What's the problem?"

"Nothing." The golden she cat muttered.

Flamefur's POV:

"Nothing." She muttered.

Nothing. She scoffed inwardly. It was the total opposite of nothing. It had never occured to her before, but after Autumnpool mentioned visiting Starclan, she suddenly realised something.

Because of her rank as a former apprentice in the Dark Forest, former mate of a Dark Forest warrior and her frequent visits to that evil forest, had Starclan banned her from entering their starry forest? Was she even allowed to go to Starclan? To talk to her ancestors? She couldn't remember the last time she had been there, everytime she went to the Dark Fofest instead. Would she be denied entry into Starclan because of her ties with their enemy?

"You okay Flamefur?" Nutwhisker asked, eyes narrowed.

"I'm fne." Flamefur hissed, backing away as the medicine cat took a step towards her. "Leave me alone. I've had enough of you mouse-brains for one day." Then she stormed out of the medicine cave.

Chapter 18

Flamefur's POV

It was the day following the discussion with Nutwhisker and Autumnpool and nothing had changed. Stormstar was in his den, muffled yowls could be heard from the spacious den. Either the black tom was re-enacting a death scene or he was having nightmares again. Flamefur wondered if NoName was still in his dreams, or were the monsters now living inside him.

Flamefur spotted Tigerstripe sitting near the nursery and she padded up to him. "How have you been?"

Tigerstripe glanced at her with a faint sigh. "I can't believe Cheetahpelt is dead. And it's all the Dark Forest's fault!"

"I know." She murmured, eyes narrowing in anger. "I wish we could do something, but it's impossible."

Tigerstripe bared his teeth. "We have to attack them first before they kill us all."

"But how? We can't get there without one of them bringing us there." Flamefur muttered, glancing up when her brother let out a low snarl.

"We have to find a way." Tigerstripe snarled, standing up. "We have to, there has to be a way."

"You had better not start killing kits again. It won't get you anywhere." Zeye's deep growl sounded before them and the two siblings looked up at the white furred tom. His blue eyes were narrowed angrily at Tigerstripe.

Tigerstripe sniffed. "Kits are precious to us, I would never harm a kit."

Zeye's bitter laugh made both cats tense and the tom fixed

Tigerstripe with a hard glare. "I know what you did to Nutwhisker's kits, I know what you are willing to do for power. Watch out, Tigerstripe, because if you take another step in the wrong direction I will be there to stop you."

Tigerstripe let out a deep growl and bared his teeth. "You should back off, rogue, this isn't your concern."

"It became my concern when you started killing kits." Zeye replied coldly.

"It was one kit!" Tigerstripe snarled. "I didn't even know it was Nutwhisker's!"

"That doesn't change anything." The white tom snarled back. "And you killed both of his kits!"

"What? What are you talking about?" Tigerstripe flattened his ears. "It was only Pebblekit."

"What about Timberkit, you monster! You left him to die in that wave!" Zeye took a firm step closer to Tigerstripe with a low snarl.

"I had no choice!" Tigerstripe hissed, lashing his tail.

Flamefur clawed at the ground from beside her brother. "Great Starclan I'm surrounded by arguing idiots wherever I go!" She stood up and took off out of camp, stomping angrily into the forest.

Chapter 19

Silvershy's POV

There had no other encounters with Tyler since the night he told her to run. She hadn't looked back, but from what she had heard there had been an argument with someone.

"Cats of Lightclan." Silvershy pricked her ears as Stormstar's voice rang from the meeting rock. The clan was gathered below him in the gathering clearing, all eyes turned to their leader as he stood on the boulder.

"It is time to announce some new warriors..." The black tom trailed off, his blue eyes narrowing as he studied his clan mates closley, his gaze settling firmly on Flamefur. The flame coloured she cat glared at him, he glared back at her. Autumnpool- who stood beside her leader- gave him a small nudge and he shook his head, speaking. "Amber..paw and Sweetpaw. Step forwards." His words were mumbles, barely audible to the cats sitting below him. Silvershy strained her ears as the black tom began the ceremony.

"I, Stormstar, leader of LightClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these apprentices. They have trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend them to you as a warrior in their turn." Stormstar's voice was strangely cold as he spoke, like something inside him had died. "Sweetpaw, Amberpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

The two young cats meowed. "I do."

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. From this moment you will be known as Sweetleaf and Amberstorm. StarClan honors your strength and bravery, and we welcome you as a full warrior of LightClan." Stormstar finished the ceremony with a dismissive flick of his tail.

Silvershy blinked her eyes open to find herself in the Dark Forest. The usual sliver of fear settled within her, chilling her bones. Where was Tyler? She hated being alone in the shadowy forest. She didn't want to come across anyone dangerous, which had a very high chance of happening while she was strolling alone in the Dark Forest.

Tyler come quickly. Silvershy begged as she started walking out of the clearing she had woken up in and further into the shadows. She found it pathetic that she had grown so dependent on the winged tom so quickly, but she hated the Dark Forest and she needed the company of someone who knew the area and would protect her.

Silvershy tensed when a pained howl echoed from further in front of her. She felt her heart start thudding wildly in her chest as she moved slowly forwards the investigate the sounds.

She came upon a clearing. On the far end, there was a light grey tom with dark tabby stripes strung up by brambles. His one wide, grey eye was watering with tears, his other eye a mess of dark, red blood. He wailed and cried as Dime clawed his side open, blood pooling around them. Silvershy glanced down to see a dark grey tom with brown, blood stained paws. *Dime.* She recognised the tom immediately and her eyes widened. Was he *torturing* someone?

Silvershy bit her lip as Dime roughly grabbed onto the grey tom's hind paw. Silvershy couldn't see what exactly he did, but judging by the tom's agonised howl it was definitely something painful. She stared in horror at the scene; she had never realised that cats were tortured in the Dark Forest.

Next, Dime moved onto the next hind leg and the grey tom's screams heightened. After waiting a bit for his victim to calm down a bit, Dime dug his claws into the tom's chest and sliced all the way down, tearing open his stomach. With a weak screech of pain, the cat flailed in agony as his blood and organs spilled out onto the ground.

There was a terrible wail from nearby and Silvershy caught sight of

a pair of wide but stunningly pretty emerald green eyes. It was a she cat, hidden in the bushes. She wailed for the grey tom as he grew limp, turning Dime's attention to her. The she cat leapt up, her thick golden fur bristling.

"You're going to pay for killing Archbreeze!" She snarled, her emerald eyes glimmering with anger.

Dime only laughed, a crazed look in his eyes as he advanced on the she cat. "Who let you out of your cage..."

Silvershy jumped as something tapped her shoulder and she spun around to see Tyler staring at her.

"Silvershy?" He breathed. "What are you doing here?"

"I woke up here." She murmured, trying to rid her memory of the terrible scene she had just witnessed.

"Come on, you need to leave now." The black and blue tom muttered, tugging her with him as he trotted away from the clearing, just as the she cat let out a high-pitched wail of agony.

Chapter 20

Nutwhisker's POV:

In the night, there was a howl of fear from the warriors den. Nutwhisker snapped awake and out of his nest in a flash, his green eyes wide with surprise. Shinewing stirred beside him, blinking her eyes open with a slight yawn. "What is it?" The medicine cat apprentice asked.

"I don't know." Nutwhisker replied, trotting up the tunnel and out of the medicine den. The main clearing was empty, a pool of moonlight shining on it. The brown furred tom padded across the camp and poked his head into the warriors den.

Inside, the glowing eyes of his clan mates illuminated the den. Everyone was awake and staring at two writhing cats on the ground. Nutwhisker peered closer, pushing through the crowd, to see Foxclaw and Ashleg were laying in their nests, eyes closed and face screwed up in fear. Their limbs flailed, small yowls of terror leaving their lips as they dreamed.

"What's wrong with them?" Blizzardstorm wailed, his blue eyes wide.

"They're having nightmares." Dapplegrey muttered, glancing at Nutwhisker. "And they won't wake up."

"Help us, Nutwhisker!" One cat cried, their voice was so drowned out by everyone else's yowls of fear that Nutwhisker couldn't identify the cat.

Autumnpool raised her voice above thw crowd. "Everyone calm down!"

Once the warriors had quieted down, the deputy meowed. "There is nothing we can do, NoName has them now. For now, I want everyone out of the den and into the apprentices den to sleep.

Nutwhisker, Dapplegrey and I will stay behind to watch over Foxclaw and Ashleg."

The clan reluctantly agreed, leaving the warriors den warily. Flamefur stuck behind with narrowed eyes. "Let me help."

Autumnpool nodded. "Alright, Flamefur."

The den fell into a tense silence, only broken by the odd cry or whimper from Foxclaw and Ashleg. Flamefur peered at the two toms as they trembled in their nests. "So they won't wake up?"

"No." Autumnpool replied, sighing. "They are trapped."

"I think I know how to help." Flamefur meowed, laying down beside Foxclaw and Ashleg, resting a paw on each tom. Her eyes closed and her body stilled as she fell asleep.

Flamefur's POV:

Flamefur woke up in the Dark Forest. She sighed and looked around, wondering if there was ever going to be a time when she could leave the shadowed forest forever.

It wasn't long before she heard a scream and she headed towards the sound, quickly coming across a clearing that was shrouded in thick, dark mist. *That'll be where NoName is.* She sighed and stepped carefully into the mist. It stung her throat as she breathed it in and she forced down a cough.

Finally, she passed the thick fog and came across a dark clearing. Barely any light got through the mist, making the clearing extremely dark. Narrowing her eyes, Flamefur saw Ashleg's huddled shape on the ground. Trendils of shadows surrounded him as he fought invisible enemies.

Flamefur growled. "NoName! Stop this!"

"Why?" The red she cat's voice echoed from the darkness, sending chills down Flamefur's spine. "It's fun."

"You're a coward! Hiding away in your shadows!" Flamefur snarled.

"Coward?" NoName hissed back. "Never."

"Then fight me." Flamefur dared. "If you're not scared, that is." She didn't care if she upset NoName, she was sick of that Dark Forest she cat always hurting her clan mates. It was time to put an end to it.

"I'm not scared of a weak kit like you." NoName snarled.

"Kit?" Flamefur snarled. "If I remember correctly, you're the smaller one here."

There was a fierce growl in reply, making Flamefur smirk. Then NoName hissed. "You're a fool. I'm going to kill you."

"Then come out from hiding." Flamefur replied with a lash of her tail, searching the darkness for the glowing white eyes of her enemy.

NoName didn't show herself. Instead, she snarled. "I'm not going to put myself in danger for a mouse-brain like you."

"Then how are you going to kill me?" The golden she cat hissed.

"Strike will." She replied, just as a pair of red eyes appeared in the darkness.

Chapter 21

Flamefur's POV:

Without a second of warning, Strike flew out from the mist straight for Flamefur, his claws extended and fangs glinting. She backed away and he landed on the spot she had been barely a heartbeat earlier.

The black and red tom lunged again, relentlessly trying to land a blow on her. Flamefur managed to dart out of the way at first, but started to grow tired as the blows kept coming at blinding speed. Strike was waiting for her to slip up. *He won't have to wait long.* Flamefur growled and ducked, slithering to the left as Strike charged again.

Finally, Flamefur lost her footing as a strip of NoName's shadows wrapped around her hind legs, pulling her onto the ground. She gasped and struggled to stand again but Strike was on her the millisecond she fell. His claws pricked her fur, his red wings stretched out behind him, beating the air to keep her pinned down.

Flamefur bared her teeth and sank them into Strike's foreleg. He hissed and reeled backwards as her fangs reached bone. She surged upwards and slammed her forepaws into Strike's chest. He stumbled backwards where her tail lay in wait. The tom tripped on her tail, falling onto his back with a yelp of surprise. Once he was down, Flamefur wasted no time in lunging straight for his neck.

Her teeth sank into dark fur, but it wasn't Strike's. She lifted her head to see Tyler standing over his brother, his eyes narrowed angrily at her. "You were going to kill him!" The black and blue tom hissed.

"Only because he was going to kill me!" Flamefur snarled, leaping onto Tyler's back. Her claws dug into the base of his wings, tearing through the scales until blood streaming from them.

Tyler hissed and reared onto his hind legs, making her fall backwards. She twisted as she fell, landing on her paws. With a snarl, she glared up at the tom as he turned to face her slowly. His blue eyes bore coldly into her's and he muttered. "Leave now before you are killed."

Flamefur bit back a hiss of surprise. *He's sparing me? Silvershy really must've gotten* to him.

There was a low snarl behind her and she spun around to face Strike again. He was standing, his face twisted into a look of rage as he glared at both Flamefur and Tyler. "She's going to die here! There will be no mercy for Lightclan scum like her!"

Tyler growled back. "There's no need to kill her."

Strike bared his teeth. "Don't get in my way, brother." He lunged for Flamefur, tearing his claws across her chest. "It's about time you died! You're one of our biggest threats."

Flamefur staggered backwards as blood welled up from her chest wound. She backed into Tyler, who pushed her aside and growled at his brother. "Stop it, killing her won't do anything."

"You've gone soft!" Strike snarled, whirling on his brother. "If I didn't care about you, you'd be dead on the ground this second!"

Flamefur looked up to see NoName appear from the darkness, her white eyes narrowed in anger. Ashleg's body had faded away- she had let him wake up, thank Starclan. Now she had to make sure Foxclaw was safe too and then escape herself.

The two brothers looked at their sister as she approached. Flamefur forced down a chuckle when she sensed fear rolling off both toms as they stared at the much smaller she cat.

"Strike, get her now." NoName hissed, her voice tight with frustration.

Strike turned back to Flamefur and pinned her down before she could compute what was going on. She tried to escape, but it was no use. She growled and turned to look back at NoName as she

faced Tyler.

"Dearest brother." She sneered at the black and blue tom. "It appears you've gotten a bit soft again."

"No!" Tyler hissed, his ears flattening. "I'm not soft."

"Then kill Flamefur." She ordered smoothly. By the way Tyler stayed still, she knew he wouldn't. "Looks like you're going to need something to get you back on the right track. I was lenient with you before, but it's gone too far." She raised a paw, a wide smirk on her lips. "Now.. What was it you were afraid of again? Snow? Ice? Or more specifically.. freezing to death?"

Tyler flinched noticeably and Flamefur narrowed her eyes. *What a strange fear.*

"NoName, I promise I won't be weak again. I promise. Just.. please.. not that." Tyler whispered, his voice trembling with desperation as his sister advanced on him.

"If you don't want punishment then kill Flamefur, simple as that." The red she cat replied, grinning as Tyler backed into a bush, cornering himself.

After waiting a few more seconds, NoName shrugged. "Alright, here comes your nightmare." She flicked her paw and a flurry of shadows swirled towards Tyler. He let out a soft yowl as the shadows wrapped around his neck, slithering up and around his head. Within seconds, whimpers of fear left the tom's lips as he collapsed on the floor. "N-No stop!" He cried. His body convulsed and shuddered, his teeth gritted and eyes screwed shut.

NoName rolled her eyes, turning away to let her shadows to the work. She looked down at Flamefur. "You little troublemaker. Look what you made me do." She glanced again at Tyler, a sick grin rising on her lips as he trembled and shook, his wings jerking. She turned back to Flamefur. "Now you get to die.."

But Flamefur was already fading away. They had all been so focused on watching Tyler's suffering that they hadn't noticed

Flamefur falling asleep.

Chapter 22

Silvershy's POV:

"Flamefur hasn't woken up yet." Autumnpool fretted, pacing around the sleeping she cat. "Do you think she's okay?"

Silvershy shrugged from where she sat near the warriors den entrance. "She's not showing any signs of having a nightmare..."

"But what if she's been captured?" The deputy murmured.

Nutwhisker muttered in reply. "She'll be fine. We're talking about Flamefur, she's slapped death in the face loads of times. This time won't be any different." As if on cue, Flamefur snapped awake, jolting to her paws.

"Foxclaw.. Ashleg.." Were the first words uttered from the golden she cat's lips. "Are they safe?"

Nutwhisker nodded, glancing at the huddled shapes of the two warriors who had awoken a short time before. "They're a bit shaken, but should recover soon."

Flamefur breathed a sigh of relief. "Good." She sat down again to catch her breath.

Nutwhisker leaned closer to Flamefur. "So.. What happened there?" He asked.

"Strike nearly killed me..." Flamefur snuck a glance at Silvershy before continuing. "But Tyler stalled him, giving me enough time to escape."

"Really?" Silvershy asked, pricking her ears. *He's turning against his own siblings to save Flamefur? Am I the cause of his change of heart?*

"But.. NoName punished him.." Flamefur muttered.

Silvershy gasped. "Is he okay?"

"I don't know, I left too soon to know." Flamefur shrugged. "I'm sure he won't be killed, but he'll probably be hurt."

Silvershy clawed at the ground. "We have to help him!"

"No, are you mouse-brained?!" Flamefur snarled. "He got himself into that mess to save my life, and you want to go back there to help? No thanks, but I don't want to try and cheat death again today." She stood up and stalked out of the den, pushing past Silvershy as she went.

Silvershy sighed and hung her head. "Sorry." She muttered.

"Flamefur has a point." Nutwhisker shrugged, sitting back to watch over Foxclaw and Ashleg incase anything went wrong with them. "I don't think she's in any hurry to go back there."

"But what if they kill Tyler?" Silvershy hissed.

"They won't." Nutwhisker sighed heavily. "And what's with your sudden obsession with him anyway?"

Silvershy blinked. "Oh, uh.." She trailed off.

Nutwhisker's ears flattened. "A relationship like that will never end well. It'll end with one- or both- of you dying."

"You don't seem that mad." Silvershy studied the medicine cat closely.

"It's your life, I can't tell you what to do. I'm just warning you." Nutwhisker muttered in reply. "Now, help me get Foxclaw and Ashleg to my den. I'm going to keep them there for a bit to make sure they are okay."

"Alright." Silvershy sighed and padded over to the two warriors, lifting them up and helping them to the medicine cave.

Flamefur's POV:

She couldn't believe Silvershy. How could she be so self-centred? There was no way Flamefur was returning to the Dark Forest to help Tyler. It would be suicide. Did nobody care about the fact that Flamefur had nearly died to save two of their own warriors? Everyone was so ungrateful.

The Lightclan forest was strangely quiet as she stomped towards the Ravenclan border. She didn't didn't think anything of it. She didn't care whether the birds were singing or not.

She reached the stream that split the two clans apart and sat down near the edge. Flamefur looked down at her blurred reflection in the water, frowning at herself. "Sometimes it seems like I'm the only one here who is doing something to help." She murmured to herself, her claws curling over the edge. "And everyone still expects me to do more."

With a faint sigh, she turned around from the stream and looked back at Lightclan's territory. She was about to glance back around when something caught her eye- a pair of yellow eyes were watching her from the darkness of some bushes nearby.

"Who is there?" Flamefur demanded with a small growl. The eyes immediately blinked out of view, the bush rustling as the cat delved deeper into it.

She bared her teeth and stood up, striding boldly up to the bush. "Show yourself." She ordered, glaring into the bush to see a dark brown pelt cowering within. "Now!" She snapped, making the cat tense.

"Wait!" There was a yowl behind her and she whirled around, claws out, to see a grey she cat hurrying towards her. "Wait, stop! Don't hurt him!" She panted, her yellow eyes wide.

The stench of rogue wafted towards her. These cats were intruders in her clan's territory. Flamefur unsheathed her claws at the she cat, her ears angled backwards to make sure the brown tom in the bushes stayed put.

"Who are you?" She demanded, her voice a low snarl.

"My name is Puddle." The she cat meowed desperately. "And that's my son, Bear. Please don't hurt us, we didn't mean to intrude on your territory."

"You're quite far in our forest. If you didn't mean to intrude, then why didn't you turn back?" Flamefur growled, keeping her guard up.

"I tried to, but Bear ran off! I was just looking for him." Puddle cried. "Please let us go!"

Flamefur lashed her tail. "I'm afraid I can't do that. You are both intruding, therefore I must take you back to my camp where your fate will be decided."

"No! Don't kill us!" The tom squeaked, emerging from the bush. He was only the size of a small apprentice, his yellow eyes stretched wide in fear. "I promise never to run away again!"

"I'm sorry, but that is the rule." Flamefur growled. "Now get moving."

Chapter 23

Nutwhisker's POV:

Nutwhisker looked up as Flamefur padded into camp. She had two cats in tow- they looked like a mother and son, their eyes wide and fearful.

It wasn't long before the whole clan gathered around to see who the strange cats were. Autumnpool pushed to the front of the crowd. "Who is this?" She demanded.

"I stumbled upon two rogues while out in the territory." Flamefur muttered. "So I brought them here."

Autumnpool looked at the mother and her kit. "Who are you and where are you from?"

"My name is Puddle. That is my kit, Bear. We come from twolegplace not far from here." The she cat meowed.

"Why are you here?"

"We were exploring, and Bear ran off into your territory." She sighed. "Please, let us go. We did nothing wrong."

The deputy narrowed her eyes. "I suppose it's best that you leave our territory as soon as possible-"

"Wait!" Foxclaw's yowl came from behind Nutwhisker and he spun around to look at the ginger tom. *He shouldn't be out of the medicine cave.* Ahsleg padded out after Foxclaw.

"Yes?" Autumnpool meowed.

"We want to go with them." Ashleg mumbled.

The clan burst into shrieks of shock and surprise. "What?!" Autumnpool hissed.

"We don't want to become slaves of NoName! We want to escape before she kills us!" Foxclaw muttered, his eyes pleading. "Please let us leave the clan."

Autumnpool narrowed her eyes. "Are you serious? You want to leave Lightclan, just like that?"

Nutwhisker's clan mates let out growls. "Traitors! Cowards!" They yowled. Foxclaw and Ashleg cowered down in fear.

Autumnpool looked at the two warriors. "You're probably not thinking straight. Those nightmares were quite traumatic."

Foxclaw let out a low hiss. "You don't know what it was like! I don't want to ever experience that again! And the only way would be to leave Lightclan!"

"We know that we are cowards for doing this, but we value our sanity." Ashleg added, his ears flattened. "We refuse to be thrown into a battle with NoName. It's hopeless."

The clan broke into murmurs at the young warriors' words. Nutwhisker saw some of his clan mates were actually agreeing with them and blinked in surprise. *Lightclan are not just a bunch of cowards, what are these cats thinking?*

Eventually, Autumnpool meowed. "Alright.. I cannot stop you if you really want to leave, but remember that you are forbidden to return once you have left our territory."

Foxclaw and Ashleg nodded, accepting her terms. "We're sorry for running away like this."

Tigerstripe's snarl sounded from the crowd of warriors. "Mouse-brains. You're abandoning your clan just because of a bit of danger. Have you forgotten all that we have fought through to be in this place today?"

"We haven't forgotten, but this battle is impossible to beat." Ashleg sighed.

"Cowards." Tigerstripe growled. "Be gone with you!"

"Wait!" Hazefang's voice sounded, the grey she cat emerging from the crowd. "I want to go with them!"

The clan let out a collective gasp. Tigerstripe rolled his eyes. "Of course she does- she's a true rogue at heart."

Trueheart stood beside Hazefang, her eyes narrowed in determination. "I'm joining them as well."

Nutwhisker couldn't believe his ears. Four Lightclan warriors had just easily said that they would abandon their clan to become rogues. What had become of their warriors?

Autumnpool muttered. "Very well. Anyone else?" When no one else answered, she growled. "Now leave Lightclan territory. And don't ever return."

Silvershy's POV:

Once the two rogues and the four warriors left camp, the crowd dispersed into their dens. Silvershy sighed and shook her head. "Unbelievable."

"Indeed." A cool voice purred behind her.

Silvershy spun around to face the camp boundary, staring into the bushes. "Who said that?" The clearing was empty, who had spoken?

"I did." The voice muttered again before a blurr of darkness lunged for her, pinning her down. Her head slammed so hard into the ground that she was knocked out cold, barely a sound leaving her lips as her eyes drooped closed.

The dark furred tom grinned as he stepped away from Silvershy's limp body, his red eyes gleaming mischievous. "Now, time to spy on the enemy clan..." He blurred from view before reappearing as an exact copy of Silvershy. No one would know the difference.

Chapter 24

Nutwhisker's POV:

The camp seemed emptier the following morning. The warriors crowded in a tight circle around Autumnpool as she sorted the patrols. Stormstar's ice blue eyes could be spotted from the leader's den, glowing in the darkness. Pure hatred burned in the leader's eyes as he watched his clan. Nutwhisker sighed.

There was a shriek from the camp entrance and a cat raced inside. Through the blood coating the cat's fur they were quickly identified as Foxclaw. The ginger tom's eyes were wide, dark blood dripping from his jaws. "H-help! Sh-she attacked us!" He voice was hoarse and he was gasping desperately for breath. "They're all d-dead!" He cried, collapsing onto the ground. A dark pool of blood quickly formed around him.

In a flash, Nutwhisker was carrying Foxclaw into the medicine cave with the help of Shinewing. It didn't matter if he wasn't a Lightclan warrior anymore he needed to be helped. The two medicine cats set to work on the injured warrior, patching up his countless wounds with cobwebs and herbs. Foxclaw let out small whimpers as they healed him. The tom's eyes were glazed in pain, his breathing short fast.

"I need chamomile!" Nutwhisker hissed, glancing back at Shinewing. The golden she cat darted to the herb store to search for the chamomile.

"There's none left!" She gasped.

"Thyme? Dandelion leaves?" Nutwhisker quickly listed off all the herbs he knew that helped treat a cat who was going into shock.

"It's gone!" The medicine cat apprentice hissed. "All gone, someone must've raided our herb supply!"

"But who?" Nutwhisker demanded, turning back to Foxclaw to see his condition was worsening. His jaws were parted in a feeble wail as he fought for breath, his body trembling. Blood was already soaking through the cobwebs that had been placed over the wounds. "If we don't do something soon Foxclaw will-"

He was cut off as Foxclaw shuddered violently and then fell still, his chest no longer moving. He was dead.

Nutwhisker took a step back, staring at the dead tom before him. "No..." He mumbled. "No.." He sat down, glaring at his paws- they were stained with Foxclaw's blood.

Shinewing brushed her tail against him. "I'll go tell the clan." The apprentice padded out of the den, heading up the tunnel and into the main clearing. Nutwhisker flinched as he heard shocked wails from outside as they heard the news.

Slowly, Nutwhisker padded up into the main clearing. Within a few heartbeats, all eyes turned to him. "I'm sorry, we did all we could." The medicine cat mumbled.

"No you didn't." Silvershy's voice growled from the crowd as she stalked towards Nutwhisker. "You let Foxclaw die because he wasn't a Lightclan warrior anymore!"

The clan let out murmurs, most of them confused by Silvershy's outburst.

"I didn't let him die! Are you crazy?" Nutwhisker gasped at the silver she cat.

"You're a failure, Nutwhisker! You couldn't save Foxclaw! You're a terrible medicine cat." Silvershy snarled before turning to the clan. "I think Nutwhisker should step down as medicine cat. He is weak and incapable of keeping us safe! It's about time Shinewing took his place; he's getting too old."

The clan didn't immediately reply to Silvershy's proposal, but to Nutwhisker's horror they weren't at all in a hurry to back him up. *How could they possibly think that I should step down? What's up with*

Silvershy? Why is she like this?

Shinewing growled. "Nutwhisker is a perfect medicine cat."

"Yeah!" Flamefur hissed, strode up to Nutwhisker and glared back at the clan.

Silvershy rolled her eyes. "I'm not trying to get him banished or anything.. Just for him to step down from his position. There's no need to get so defensive."

Autumnpool cut in. "Silvershy, what is going on? What are you talking about?"

"Oh nothing." The silver she cat shrugged. "I just don't want to leave my life in the paws of a former slave of NoName. He could snap at anytime."

That statement seemed to set the clan off in a panic, and it wasn't long before they rallied behind Silvershy.

"Nutwhisker should step down!" Yowled Blizzardstorm.

"Yeah!" More yowls echoed from the clan and Nutwhisker shook his head in disbelief.

Is this really happening?

The clan continued to jeer Nutwhisker, throwing insults from evey direction. The brown tom let out a low hiss before darting away from the crowd and out of camp.

Chapter 25

Nutwhisker's POV:

Nutwhisker spun around when a twig snapped behind him. He stared around the empty Lightclan forest, his ears pricked. "Who's there?"

"Only me." Silvershy emerged, a wide grin on her lips.

"Why did you turn the clan against me?" Nutwhisker demanded, lashing his tail.

"It's nothing personal, I just have to tear up the clan... Get them prepared for NoName's attack." Silvershy smirked.

"What are you talking about?" Nutwhisker hissed.

Silvershy laughed, her eyes gleaming crazily. "Oh, Nutwhisker, there's no need to ask stupid questions. You're going to die in a few seconds anyway." She stalked towards him, her silver tail swaying behind her.

Nutwhisker growled and bared his teeth. "Stay away from me!"

Silvershy rolled her eyes and lunged forwards, catching Nutwhisker's cheek with her claws. He hissed and lashed out at her, missing as she ducked out of the way.

The silver she cat tried to attack him again, but was thrown backwards by a strong, invisible force. She let out a snarl of surprise and rose to her paws, her gaze glued to something in the tree above Nutwhisker's head. He glanced up to see Zeye sitting on a branch, his blue eyes ablaze with a calm rage.

"Take off that disguise." The white tom ordered, his voice a snarl.

Silvershy let out a low sigh and blurred away in a haze of red mist before returning as a grey tom with glowing red eyes. He smirked

up at Zeye. "Why do you care so much about this medicine cat."

"He is a valued member of LightClan, the Clan I have been sworn to protect." Zeye growled and dropped from his branch, landing silently in front of Nutwhisker. He faced the grey tom, anger rolling off him in strong pulses. "You mess with them, and you will get a gut full of my claws."

The grey tom grinned and crouched low to the ground, a spark of excitement in his red eyes. "I'm going to enjoy this.." His grey fur peeled away, revealing a glowing red cat.

"You're going to die, Zephyr." Zeye snarled and lunged for the tom, his fur falling off so that he was a pure glowing blue feline. He landed on the ground right in front of him, sending a wave of blue mist straight at him. Zephyr darted sideways, his eyes narrowed and focused on Zeye as he slunk a safe distance away.

Zeye froze in place with a small growl of surprise. Nutwhisker glanced between the two, confused. Zephyr was staring at Zeye, a wide grin growing on his lips. The blue glowing tom scored his claws across the ground, crouching down. He snarled, his head lowered as struggled to halt some invisible force. "Stop it!"

"Aw, but it's fun watching cats squeal at the sight of my illusions!" Zephyr laughed, pacing closer to Zeye, his red eyes glowing eerily.

Zeye let out a hiss, his paw lashing out at Zephyr. The red tom was thrown backwards, the strange invisible hold he had over Zeye diminishing in seconds. The white tom stood up, blue mist thickening around his paws.

Zephyr stood up, disorientated from the fall. He shook his head and glared at Zeye. He flicked a paw, red mist shooting towards the blue tom, who stopped it with a wall of mist. He darted around his shield and used his powers to drag Zephyr towards him. Once he was close enough, he glared down at the glowing red tom and moved his paws apart, as if he were tearing something in half. Zephyr let out a cry of pain, writhing and kicking at Zeye.

From what Nutwhisker could see, there was no hint of remorse in

Zeye's pure blue eyes as he attacked Zephyr. The red tom flailed, finally breaking free from Zeye's hold. He scrambled away, his eyes wide. Zeye strode towards him, stopping short as the red tom blinked away, out of sight.

After a few moments of standing still, Zeye decided that the coast was clear- that Zephyr had fled- and turned slowly to Nutwhisker as his white fur grew back on his body.

"You seem to be getting yourself in a lot of trouble lately." The white tom murmured, sighing.

Nutwhisker muttered. "Yeah, sorry about that."

Chapter 26

Nutwhisker's POV:

"Zeye..?" Nutwhisker glanced across at the white tom as they padded back to camp. "What exactly are you?"

Zeye let out a sigh and slowed to a stop, sitting down. He glanced at the space in front of him, silently urging Nutwhisker to sit down before him. Once the medicine cat was seated, Zeye began.

"I am part of a species called the Prometheans. We are beings made of energy," his blue eyes glowed brighter as he spoke, "and we all have the ability to change into any form we want." His white fur changed to a dark blue, his blue eyes changing to amber, and his voice growing more feminine. Nutwhisker blinked in surprise, watching in awe as Zeye returned to his familiar white furred disguise, the scar on his left eye appearing last. "No two Promethean families have the same energy colour. We are immortal, and the only way we can die is at the claws of a rival Promethean."

Nutwhisker sighed in relief when Zeye paused for breath- all this new knowledge about a different species was confusion.

"We tend to stick with our families. And are loyal to them above all costs." Zeye continued. "But there are some exceptions.

"Our energy can be used for powers, for example I have forcefields and Zephyr uses visions. No power is the same; all are unique and cannot be replicated." Zeye concluded, falling silent as he watched Nutwhisker take in all the new information.

After some time, Nutwhisker nodded. "Okay." He muttered, wondering if he would actually remember all of that by the following morning.

Silvershy's POV:

Her head throbbed painfully, her whole body aching as she slowly opened her eyes. "What happened..?" She mumbled to herself, looking around to see she was laying in a dip just outside Lightclan camp.

Silvershy let out a small groan of discomfort as she sat up, her head pounding even more. She wondered how she had gotten in the dip, quickly remembering the cat who had knocked her out. Where was he now? Why didn't he just kill her? Who was he?

She rose shakily to her paws, stumbling as her limbs trembled with the effort to hold her upright. He head was spinning, her gaze blurring in and out of focus as she glanced around for the way back to camp.

There was a voice close by, and Silvershy pricked her ears.

"But where is the real Silvershy?" It was Nutwhisker's voice. The medicine cat seemed to be talking with someone, but she didn't know who it was. A flash of white fur through the thick undergrowth told Silvershy that it was probably Zeye.

"She'll be close by, Zephyr won't have killed her." Zeye sounded confident with his words.

So Zephyr is his name. Silvershy narrowed her eyes. *And Zeye knows him.*

"Silvershy!" Nutwhisker's gasp sounded before her and the brown tom darted through a dense clump of brambles, slipping past the thorns to get to her. "There you are. Are you okay?"

Zeye followed more slowly, brushing past the bramble bushes. "Told you she'd be okay." He murmured.

Silvershy sat down again, her eyes blinking rapidly as her vision blurred again. "My head hurts." She mumbled.

Nutwhisker paw patted around her head and she hissed in pain when his paw brushed against the lump on her head where she had

hit the ground. His muzzle leaned closer, sniffing the bump. "There's no bleeding, I'll just wrap it in some cobwebs to make it feel better."

Silvershy sighed and nodded. "Alright."

"Now, before we do that, we need to sort out the problems that 'Silvershy' has caused." Zeye muttered, striding away to the camp entrance.

"What?" Silvershy asked, padding after him with Nutwhisker at her side.

Chapter 27

Flamefur's POV:

Zeye stood in the centre of the Lightclan clearing, his blue eyes narrowed in annoyance as the clan jeered at him and the sheltered Nutwhisker as his side.

"We need someone we can trust!" Cats were yelling from the crowd.

"Yeah! Nutwhisker can't be trusted! He killed Foxclaw!"

Zeye growled and snapped. "You mouse-brains! Why would Nutwhisker suddenly turn against his clan mate like that? Do you hear how crazy you all sound?"

Flamefur had to admit she was surprised by the speed in which the clan rallied against Nutwhisker. Did they not have any sense at all?

Silvershy was sitting by the edge of camp, her eyes wide. Flamefur narrowed her eyes and padded towards the silver she cat. "What's wrong?" She muttered. "Realised what a mistake you made by getting the clan to hate Nutwhisker?"

"It wasn't me!" Silvershy gasped, staring up at Flamefur. Her emerald green eyes were wide with horror as she glanced back at her clan mates before her. "This is... Unbelievable.."

"What do you mean it wasn't you?" Flamefur growled.

"Someone knocked me out and changed their form to look like me!" Silvershy muttered. "They caused this!"

Flamefur shook her head. What was the Dark Forest up to now? Why were they trying to get the clan to hate Nutwhisker? Why couldn't they just launch a normal attack and stop with all the mind games? *Then they'd lose.* Flamefur sighed. In order to win, NoName needed Lightclan to be broken up first. And they were succeeding in doing that. It wouldn't be long before the final attack was launched.

Maybe Tigerstripe had been right about Lightclan attacking the Dark Forest first, before their enemy got the upper-paw.

Stormstar's voice yowled from his den, barely making it over the shouting clan. "Let the medicine cat stay! We're all going to die either way!"

The clan broke into louder yowls, their gazes all turning up to their leader. "Stormstar do something!" They shouted at the black tom. "Tell us what to do!"

But Stormstar had already stormed back into his den, his black tail whisking out of sight. Flamefur growled. The clan was falling apart.

As the clan was thrown into chaos, Zeye quieted them down again with a harsh snarl. "Shut up and listen!"

"Why would we listen to a rogue like you? You're worse than Nutwhisker!" Tigerstripe muttered from his place in the back of the crowd. Flamefur bit her lip as her amber eyes turned to her brother to see him staring defiantly at the blue-eyed tom at the centre of the crowd. The clan swivelled around to look at Tigerstripe too and the brown tom stood slightly taller at the sudden attention.

Small growls rumbled around the gathered warriors- they had not forgotten how Tigerstripe had turned into such a ruthless deputy not long ago. Now they were torn between Tigerstripe and Zeye. Flamefur was definitely curious to see who chose who. She didn't dare join the debate, hanging back in the shadows of the camp edge with Silvershy. She didn't want to have to betray her brother publicly; she'd never hear the end of it.

From the centre of the clearing- his blue eyes narrowing as he turned to Tigerstripe- Zeye shifted on his paws and hissed. "Sit down and be quiet, Tigerstripe. As far as I'm concerned, you should be thrown out of Lightclan for your wrongdoings." His white tail curled briefly over Nutwhisker's back, a threat clear in his eyes.

Flamefur glanced back at Tigerstripe, sighing to see her brother glare directly back at Zeye, refusing to back down. "Last time I checked, you weren't leader or deputy of this clan." He gave a

pointed glance at Autumnpool and the deputy flattened her ears but stayed silent. "I'm more a leader here than you are, rogue scum!"

Flamefur felt like slamming her paw into her own muzzle in disappointment. Had her brother just made a life-threatening mistake?

Zeye growled, and Flamefur saw the cats around him take a few steps back. She narrowed her eyes and craned her neck to see over the cats, gasping in surprise to see Zeye's paws glowing bright blue, his fur slowly melting from his body until all that stood in his place was a blue feline, his body was pure blue energy. The clan let out fearful yowls, darting for cover within the edges of camp and the dens.

Tigerstripe stared at the radiating blue feline in shock, his eyes wide. "What in the name of Starclan?" Flamefur heard him murmur as he took slow steps back. The clearing had emptied in heartbeats, leaving a full view of the two toms facing one another- and Nutwhisker sitting calmly at Zeye's side.

"Unless you want your organs spilling out of your broken jaws," Zeye snarled, "I suggest you sit back down and be a good little warrior as I explain what we are going to do about our current situation. Understood?"

Tigerstripe's gulp echoed loudly around the deathly quiet clearing, the brown tom trembling under Zeye glaring blue gaze.

"Understood?" Zeye hissed, even louder this time.

"Yes!" Tigerstripe shrieked, his ears flattening as he dipped his head.

"Good." Zeye's white fur quickly reappeared and he sat back down, a smug grin plastered on his lips.

Chapter 28

Nutwhisker's POV:

It seemed like forever that Zeye was arguing with the clan, but after his show with Tigerstripe, the cats seemed more wary around him.

The sun was dipping behind the ocean by the time Nutwhisker was bustled into the medicine den, the clan finally accepting that he would keep his place as medicine cat.

Zeye sat calmly in the medicine den, guarding the entrance. Nutwhisker muttered. "You can go now.."

The white tom glanced sideways at Nutwhisker, his ears twitching. "What if I don't want to go?"

The brown tom blinked. "Don't you have other places to be?"

"Not really." Zeye shrugged, turning back to the tunnel.

Nutwhisker sighed and glanced at Shinewing, who shrugged and curled into her nest. He followed his apprentice's lead and wrapped himself in a tight ball, covering his muzzle with his tail.

When Nutwhisker awoke, he felt a warm pelt against him. He lifted his tail away from his face and looked over to see Zeye was asleep next to him, laying on the floor beside his nest.

The medicine cat yawned and sat up in his nest, stretching. His movement woke Zeye up, and the white tom let out a soft sigh as he rolled onto his other side and stretched. Nutwhisker glanced at Shinewing's nest to see it was bare. The golden she cat was sorting herbs on the far side of the cave, her pelt shining in a pool of light that filtered through a small hole in the roof.

Nutwhisker stood up and arched his back in a stretch before

padding over to his apprentice. "How are the herbs looking?" He asked.

"We need to stock up on watermint, but that only grows in twolegplace." Shinewing sighed. "It'll take an entire day to collect that."

"No need." Zeye yawned sleepily as he stood up. "I'll get it." He muttered through another yawn. Before the medicine cats could answer, he blinked away.

Nutwhisker murmured. "Why does Zeye do all this stuff for me?"

"Because he loves you." Shinewing replied.

"But I feel like I'm such a burden to him." Nutwhisker trailed his paw absent-mindedly across the sandy ground.

"You're not a burden." Zeye suddenly appeared in the tunnel, his blue eyes narrowed. "It makes me so glad to see you happy, I will do whatever it takes for you to smile" He placed some watermint on the ground at his paws. "Besides, it took me heartbeats to collect this, it was barely a burden." He chuckled.

Nutwhisker smiled gingerly and picked up the herbs, setting them down in a pile on a shelf.

Flamefur's POV:

After returning from a hunting patrol, Flamefur decided it was time for a nap. She headed into the warriors den and curled into her nest, yawning as sleep quickly took her.

When she awoke, she was in the Dark Forest. *Wonderful.* She stayed curled up on the ground where she had appeared, hoping she could leave again. Unfortunately, there seemed to be something blocking her exit. No matter how hard she tried, the familiar pull of sleep never came to her. *Strange.*

The golden she cat blinked her eyes open after a few more tries,

lifting her head to see she was alone in a small clearing. Around her were tall, thorny bushes, so thick that they blocked out most of the limited light that made it into the Dark Forest.

Suddenly, a heavy weight landed behind her. Paws thudded on the ground as the cat landed, followed closely by the sound of scaly wings folding back. She didn't dare look back, her ears angled towards the cat. It was either Strike or Tyler. If it were only one, she had a chance to escape. If more cats arrived, she'd have an even harder time.

Flamefur slowly glanced over her shoulder, blinking in surprise as she saw a white furred she cat grinning down at her. Her red, orange and yellow scaled wings curled on her back, her amber eyes alight with mischief. "Well hello there." She purred, her claws unsheathing as she paced closer to Flamefur.

Chapter 29

Two uploads in a day :D

Flamefur's POV:

Flamefur had tried to escape, but it had been no use. The white furred she cat had grabbed her and flown her straight to Dime's paws the second she opened her mouth to protest.

Her paws were bound by vines, her eyes covered by a thick leaf. She wondered why she was being blindfolded. What was Dime doing?

"Ready for some fun?" Dime laughed from where he stood before her, his voice filled with excitement. "Oh I've been waiting for this moment for absolutely *ages!"*

Flamefur stayed deathly still, her breath caught in her throat. She awaited something, anything. Her mind was reeling at the possible outcomes to what could happen in the near seconds.

Suddenly, she felt claws dig into her soft underbelly and she gasped in pain, bringing her hind legs up to fend off the claws tearing at her flesh. She couldn't see where Dime was, or where her hind legs were. She cried out as teeth sank into one of her hind paws and bit down hard. She felt Dime's fangs graze viciously against the bones on her feet, and she yowled in agony.

Then, Dime let go of her belly and paw and stood some steps back. She listened intently as she bled into the ground. Her heart beat heavily in her chest as she listened for what was to come next.

She didn't expect the sharp twig that was impaled in the claw wound on her belly, slicing deep through her flesh. She let out a high-pitched wail, her bound paws flailing feebly as the twig was

twisted around.

There was a sick laugh of joy from Dime. Flamefur could hear the crazy tone in his voice and she let out a soft whimper. This time there was no escaping. She was going to die.

Her body shuddered as the twig was taken out of her wound, sinking into another one. She yowled in agony, panting and gasping as her blood soaked through her fur and the ground around her.

As the twig was pulled from her again, the blindfold over her eyes was suddenly untied, as were her bound paws. She blinked open her eyes, her gaze blurring at the sudden visibility. Dime stood by her, his green eyes glaring at something behind her. She turned slightly, wincing in pain, to see none other than Skystar standing on the other end of the clearing.

"Back away from Flamefur!" The white and green she cat snarled, her amber eyes narrowed in anger, sparkling in the darkness of the forest surrounding her.

Dime growled. "What are you doing here?"

"Thought I'd take things into my own paws for once." She replied, lashing her tail. Her tail movement sent shockwaves through the earth, sending Dime reeling backwards. Flamefur gasped as a hill was formed below her, making her roll down it towards Skystar.

The white and green she cat had Flamefur protected by a wall of rock the heartbeat she came to a stop at her paws. Then Skystar stalked towards Dime, her charms clanging together as her tail swept across the ground. "This is the last time you try to hurt one of my clan mates!" The Starclan she cat flicked a paw and thorns swarmed Dime.

The black and brown tom turned invisible just in time, disappearing from view. Skystar growled and looked around for him. "Stop hiding from me, coward!"

"Says the cat who was too busy with her new mate Zeye to do anything about me and the Dark Forest earlier!" Dime's voice

snarled as he became visible behind Skystar, shoving her forwards with a hard blow with both paws.

The she cat stumbled forwards but caught herself, whirling around to face Dime but the dark tom had already disappeared again with a sly chuckle. She bared her teeth and swept a paw across the ground in a circular motion. A vine appeared, sweeping the ground all around her. There was a yelp and Dime reappeared, crashing to the ground as the vine tripped him up.

Skystar was on him in an instant, one paw poised to slice his throat. Dime growled and kicked again her. "No! Let me go fox-breath!"

Flamefur watched in horror as Strike's red eyes appeared from the darkness of some bushes close by. The black and red tom grinned as he stalked behind Skystar, his wings rising up.

With a battle yowl, Strike lunged for Skystar, latching onto her haunches with his claws. The claws on his wings plunged into either side of her back, digging in deep. The Starclan she cat gasped and let Dime go, kicking Strike away with her hind legs. She stumbled away from the two, wincing as blood ran down her back, staining her pelt.

Strike growled and advanced on the white and green she cat. "That's what you get for hurting Dime!"

Skystar hissed, creating a wall of thorn bushes around Dime and Strike. She used the brief distraction to rush to Flamefur, picking the dark golden she cat up on a platform of dirt. She darted away, fleeing as quickly as she could from the clearing and back to Starclan.

Chapter 30

Silvershy's POV:

Three full days passed with no problems whatsoever. It was nice for everything to be normal for once. Silvershy was thankful for the three days of peace.

It was the day of the gathering. Stormstar had emerged from his den, his blue eyes distant as he headed towards the camp exit, the cats going to the gathering padding after him.

Silvershy glanced at Flamefur, sighing as the golden she cat played with her kits beside her. "Your kits will be fine without you." She smiled reassuringly.

"I know." Flamefur murmured. "I still don't like leaving them alone though, even when they are nearly six moons old."

"They can take care of themselves now, right kits?" Silvershy peered down at the six kits as they tumbled in a big ball of fur and teeth.

Fluffykit broke away from the wrestling match to beam up at Silvershy. "We're big kits now! We'll be fine!"

Flowerstream padded past them, chuckling. "You should really get them to nap now, otherwise they'll cause trouble while we're gone." The other queen glanced back down the nursery tunnel where her four kits were no doubt asleep in their nest.

Flamefur sighed. "Yeah, but it's impossible to get these six to listen to me."

Flowerstream glanced down at the kits and murmured. "What if I stayed behind to look after them?"

Flamefur blinked in surprise. "You'd do that for me?"

"Sure." The she cat purred. "It's no problem at all, gatherings aren't

that exciting anyway."

Silvershy smiled at her sister. She had changed a lot since she had had her kits with Tigerstripe. Despite having such a strange mate, she still stayed good and so were her kits.

"Come on, they're leaving!" Flamefur gasped, standing up to race after the group as they left camp. Silvershy quickly followed the flame coloured she cat with a quick smile at Flowerstream. Her sister smiled brightly back as she turned away to the kits.

Flamefur's POV:

Lightclan were the last to arrive at the gathering, just as moonhigh arrived in the clear black sky. The rocky clearing shone brightly in the moonlight, the crashing waves behind the gathered cats glimmering.

Stormstar scrambled ontop of the large boulder where the other clan leaders sat, nearly walking straight into Sagestar as he struggled to find his spot.

Silvershy felt the other clans giving the Lightclan leader weird looks. They were probably wondering what was wrong. *That makes all of us.* She sighed.

Once Stormstar was seated in between Sagestar and Silentstar, the gathering began.

Silvershy paid little attention as the other leaders announced their news, only shifting her focus to the boulder when it was Stormstar's turn.

The black tom stood up and stepped torwards, his forepaws curling over the lip of the rock. His gaze travelled over the gathered cats below him, but his eyes weren't focused, it was like he was staring at some invisible being that stood in the cats' places.

Murmurs echoed around the clearing as cats wondered what Stormstar was doing. Sagestar leaned towards Stormstar and

whispered something in his ear. The black tom didn't move a muscle, the only visible movement being the slow blink of his ice blue eyes as he continued to stare at the clan cats below him.

Then, Stormstar let out a yowl of terror. "They're coming!" His voice was so loud it made Silvershy's ears ring and the clans let out shocked gasps, all of them flinching from the sudden shout. When they looked back up at Stormstar, screeches of horror erupted from the cats as the black furred tom started running to the far end of the boulder, where a sheer drop was. He didn't falter in his step as he flew right off the edge with a magnificent lunge. Sagestar let out a shocked howl and grabbed for his tail but it was too late; Stormstar plummeted down the side of the boulder, head-first.

There was a loud crack as Stormstar hit the bottom, followed by a dull thud as the rest of his body followed his head. The cats all let out fearful cries, darting to the edge of the clearing and peering down to see the black tom lying in a mangled heap a few tail-lengths down.

Chapter 31

Stormstar's POV:

I'm not dead.

But Stormstar couldn't move, either. Every part of his body was in pure agony, but also completely numb at the same time. The only sound he could hear was a painful ringing in his ears, his head throbbing from the impact. Warm, wet blood dripped from his head, forming a wide pool of red around him that slowly slipped down the rock he had landed on, into the waves beyond.

He felt a hard thud on the ground behind him and he let out a small gasp of pain, which was then followed by a feeble cough- blood spraying from his mouth. *Did someone jump down?* He wished the end would come soon, maybe this cat could free him.

White paws appeared in his vision, the fur around the paws were already stained red with Stormstar's pool of blood. "Stormstar." A tom's voice murmured above him, barely audible over the painful ringing in his ears. "It's me, Zeye."

Stormstar tried to move his head to look up at Zeye, but it was no use. He managed to flick his tail in acknowledgement, but even that caused a spike of pain to shoot up his spine.

"Shh, don't try to move." Zeye crouched down so that his muzzle appeared in the edge of Stormstar's vision. "Listen only to the sound of my voice."

Stormstar struggled to focus on Zeye's voice, fighting to ignore the ringing in the back of his mind.

"Let your mind relax. Let your thoughts drift. Let the bad memories fade. Let peace be upon you." Zeye meowed faintly, watching Stormstar. "Surrender yourself to your memories, let them wash over you like the gentle waves of the bluest ocean. Let them

envelop you, comfort you."

Stormstar felt calmed by Zeye's voice, and the pain began to fade slightly as he ignored it, his focus shifting to the white tom speaking to him.

"Imagine yourself somewhere calm. Imagine yourself somewhere safe. Imagine yourself... In a frozen forest." Zeye murmured. "You are standing in a clearing, the trees so tall around you they touch the sky. Pure white snowflakes fall all around. You can feel them melt on your fur. But you are not cold. It cannot overcome the warmth of your beating heart."

The pounding in his head had dulled to a faint thud every few heartbeats, his whole body numb and unmoving.

"Can you hear it?" Zeye asked. "You only have to listen. Do you hear it slowing? You're slowing it. You are in control."

I'm in control. Stormstar's eyes drooped shut, his breathing slowing.

"Calm."

He let out a faint, peaceful sigh.

"At peace..."

Darkness finally took him, and a small smile rose on his lips as he took his last, shuddering breath.

Silvershy's POV:

The clans all crowded the edge of the drop, all staring down at Stormstar and Zeye. The dark red mass of the blood pool had coated most of the rocks around Stormstar's body, and the cats murmured to one another anxiously.

"Is he dead?" An Echoclan apprentice squeaked, her voice shaking fearfully.

Silvershy glanced down at the apprentice and murmured. "I don't know."

"One of us should go down there to see!" Blizzardstorm muttered. "What's Zeye doing with him?"

"Zeye?" A Ravenclan cat echoed Blizzardstorm's words. "Is that a rogue name? Are you harbouring rogues?"

"No!" The white tom hissed at the Ravenclan she cat.

"Liar!" The she cat growled back. "What are you doing, letting a rogue alone with your leader? Lightclan are mouse-brains!"

The other cats let out yowls of outrage, pushing and shoving eachother in the tight space. Silvershy gasped in horror as a young Smallclan tom was thrown off the edge, his yowls ripping through the air as he landed on the ground near Zeye and Stormstar with a howl of pain.

Another Smallclan warrior- a red she cat- let out a yowl of terror. "Curledtail!" She wailed for the tom.

"Redleaf!" He called back, struggling to stand despite his obviously broken hind leg. "Help!" He cried.

Redleaf prepared to leap off the edge to help him, but Sagestar growled from the boulder "Nobody else go down there!" Her gaze went to Zeye, who had risen to his paws and padded over the wounded tom. The Ravenclan cats let out shocked gasps, expecting the white tom to hurt Curledtail, but instead he lifted him up with his powers and set him back down safely in the crowd.

Redleaf rushed to Curledtail and nuzzled him. "Oh thank Starclan you're okay!"

Flamefur came up behind Silvershy and murmured. "Poor Curledtail. Last time I saw him he was only a kit."

Silvershy blinked in surprise before she remembered how Flamefur had lived briefly with Smallclan when she had fled Lightclan when Tigerstripe had been deputy.

Autumnpool padded up to the two she cats. "Flamefur, Silvershy, I want you two to go back to camp. Before... jumping... Stormstar mentioned someone was coming and I want to make sure camp is safe. Can you do that?" The deputy asked.

They both nodded and broke away from the crowd, silently running down the small rocky slope and onto the beach, back towards camp.

Chapter 32

Hai readers :3

I tried really hard to make this chapter really long, and I think I succeeded (1935 words!). YEEEY :D

Plus, this is only Part 1 of the final battle, there is still a Part 2 to wait for :P

I do hope you're enjoying the book, I have been anticipating this chapter for AGES!

Flamefur's POV:

The sound of pained howls reached Flamefur's ears as the two she cats neared camp. They snuck a glance at each other, pure terror written clearly on both their faces. Somehow Stormstar had been right. The Dark Forest attack was really happening right at that moment, and everyone was back at the gathering clearing, leaving the rest of the clan completely defenseless.

Flamefur forced herself to run faster, Silvershy quickly following her lead. The two she cats pounded across the forest floor, kicking up leaves as they went. All she could hear was the roaring of her blood in her ears, as they reached the camp entrance. It was strangely silent.

The flame coloured she cat burst into the main clearing, gasping as she saw dead bodies lying on the ground. Blood coated the clearing, covering every inch of it. Dark Forest warriors crowded the clearing with NoName and Dime standing proudly in the centre, their pelts stained in blood. Flare, Tyler and Strike stood as guards around the two Dark Forest leaders, their eyes narrowed as they looked at Flamefur and Silvershy.

Silvershy let out a wail of terror from beside Flamefur as she saw a Dark Forest warrior carry the limp bodies of the kits, tossing them into the pile of dead cats by the fresh-kill pile. Flowerstream was dragged after them, wailing and crying for the kits. "No! Nooo!" The queen sobbed.

Flamefur let out her own cry of grief as she saw the limp bodies of her kits. *No!* They were all dead! Every single one of them!

Sunpatch. His ginger pelt soaked in blood, his amber eyes dull with death.

Cloudsun. The white and grey tom's body was twisted at an awkward angle upon Sunpatch's.

Trueheart. The young she cat's paw was barely visible underneath the bodies.

Dawnheart. The old she cat was laying by the elder's den, still alive as Dark Forest cats viciously abused her to death.

Nightstrike. His jaws stretched wide in a final yowl of agony.

Flamefur shook her head in disbelief as she stared at the pile of her dead clan mates. *Is this just a sick dream?*

Anger surged through her as she turned her gaze to NoName. The red she cat watched Flamefur, her pure white eyes surprisingly calm despite all the death surrounding her. Then she parted her jaws, her voice ringing loud and clear throughout the silent clearing. "Tyler." She didn't look at her brother as she uttered his name, her gaze was glued to the two Lightclan she cats. "Don't let them escape."

Silvershy was sobbing beside Flamefur. "No!" The silver she cat cried. "Tyler please!" She begged, her green eyes shimmering with tears. "Don't do this!"

Flamefur watched Tyler, waiting for his reply. The black and blue tom let out a low growl, his blue eyes such an empty void of no emotion that he seemed like a completely different cat. "Don't make this any harder than it needs to be." His voice was deprived of all warmth and feeling, like his brain had been wiped clean. The

winged tom stood up, his movements almost robot-like as he stalked through the group of Dark Forest warriors towards Silvershy and Flamefur.

Flamefur snapped into action, her paws finally unfreezing. "Silvershy!" She snapped at the silver she cat. "Come on!" She pushed her back to her paws and started running back out of camp. She heard pawsteps right behind her- Silvershy was following.

The sound of wings beating behind them made Flamefur glance back and she saw Tyler flying to catch up with them, his jaws stretched in a low snarl of annoyance. He folded his wings and landed square on Silvershy's back. She tabby she cat let out a cry as she was forced down by the weight of the bigger tom.

"No!" Silvershy cried, writhing and struggling as Tyler dug his teeth into her scruff. "Let me go! Please! Don't do this!"

Flamefur skidded to a halt with a gasp, rounding on Tyler. She attacked his side, her claws digging into his fur and piercing his flesh. The black and blue tom growled and let go of Silvershy to attack Flamefur, his forepaws slamming into her. The flame furred she cat was sent sprawling on the ground with a cry of surprise, quickly darting back to her paws.

Tyler stayed where he was, holding Silvershy down. The tabby she cat struggled under him, trying desperately to break free. Flamefur growled at Tyler. "You can't keep us both contained! Eventually we'll kill you!" Her bitter words sent Silvershy into a panic fit, but she blocked out the silver she cat, focusing purely on Tyler incase he tried to attack her.

He growled, glancing down at Silvershy. "You're right, Flamefur." He dug his claws into Silvershy's chest and she let out a squeal of pain. "It's a shame I can't kill you. NoName wants you alive for some odd reason."

Flamefur was surprised by this knowledge. Perhaps she could use it against them. She wondered why NoName wanted her alive. If she thought she could make her an ally, she was dead wrong. But what about Silvershy? Was she a weapon to use against Tyler? To get him

to stay loyal? Flamefur doubted that was the case due to the fact the black and blue tom was happy to think about killing her. *Then why?* Flamefur let out a low hiss of annoyance as she paced around Tyler.

NoName's brother was grinning at Flamefur now, his teeth glinting in the moonhigh darkness. "Tigerstripe." He smirked at her.

"What?" She tilted her head in surprise at the blue and black tom. "What are you talking about?"

Tyler shrugged innocently before turning back to Silvershy. He grabbed her by the scruff and started dragging her away. Flamefur snarled and lunged for him but teeth latched into her tail, tugging her back. She twisted around to see Tigerstripe biting into her tail, his green eyes narrowed in determination.

Flamefur gasped and yanked her tail away, sweeping it behind her as she turned to face her brother. "What are you doing?!" She demanded with a hiss as she glared at the brown tabby.

"I've joined the winning side, sister." He grinned, his teeth stained with the blood of his clan mates. "It's a shame you kept denying, those free invitations don't come easy." He smirked and lunged for her, his claws flying for her face.

Flamefur ducked and darted sideways, flicking her tail away as Tigerstripe aimed for it again. Her brother took a moment to watch her, taunting her, urging her to attack him. She gladly took the bait and charged at him, her teeth bared. She feinted left, a wide grin taking place of her frown as her brother followed her, then she darted to the right and skidded to Tigerstripe's left side. Her claws sliced right through his flank, blood spraying on her pelt as she flew past him. The orange she cat smirked as she easily slid behind her brother and attacked his haunches, her teeth digging into his spine.

Tigerstripe howled in pain and tore himself away from her, his claws lashing out for her. She dodged the first blow but his second swipe caught her by surprise and she stumbled back as his claws cut through her cheek. She hissed as blood soaked through the fur on the side of her face, but she didn't falter as she lunged straight back

at him with a yowl. Tigerstripe met her head on, knocking her back with his weight. She landed with a slight huff, her muscles on fire from the intense fight, but she didn't let it stop her. If Tigerstripe got the chance, he could fatally wound her. She had to stay alert and ready.

The littermates circled eachother, their gazes locked as they urged the other to lash out first. Eventually, Tigerstripe grew impatient and darted for her. Flamefur slunk sideways and whirled around to attack his side again but he had learned that trick of hers. He spun around to meet her attack with his claws and teeth ready. She tried to move away but all she ended up doing was exposing herself to attack.

Tigerstripe grinned insanely as he sliced her chest open with his claws, pushing her down onto her side. She slammed onto the ground with a cry of pain, her forepaws rising up to push him away, but he had already pinned her firmly down with no escape.

"Fox-dung." She snarled under her breath as she felt Tigerstripe dig his teeth into her scruff and start dragging her back to Lightclan camp where NoName likely awaited her arrival.

Silvershy's POV:

Her vision blurred with tears as Tyler dragged her back into the Lightclan camp. Dark Forest warriors snickered at her as she was brought right up to NoName, who was seated by the leader's den entrance.

Tyler placed a paw on her shoulder, keeping her firmly in place. He looked up at NoName with a face of stone. "Tigerstripe is sorting Flamefur out." As if to prove his statement, there was a howl of pain just outside the camp entrance.

NoName gave a slight nod of her head. "The rest of the clan should be here soon. Put Silvershy somewhere secure where she can't use her powers." The red she cat turned to glare down at her. "I don't want her to cause trouble."

Tyler dipped his head and latched his jaws around her scruff, hauling her across the ground. As Silvershy was dragged to the nursery tunnel, she heard NoName meow. "Strike, check on the other groups and make sure they have all the clan camps secured."

Strike dipped his head and lifted into the air with a graceful stroke of his wings, flying off in the direction of Smallclan. Silvershy watched him go until the nursery tunnel blocked her view.

This isn't just an attack on Lightclan. All of the clans are under attack today.

Nutwhisker's POV:

Nutwhisker lead the clan back to camp, his green eyes troubled as he stepped along the pathway. Autumnpool trod behind him, carrying Stormstar's body back with the assistance of Dapplegrey. The rest of the clan padded after them with Zeye taking up the rear, nothing more than a shadow in the darkness.

The forest was strangely silent as they walked, the only sound being the whispering of all their pawsteps. When the camp entrance came into sight, Nutwhisker saw a puddle of blood glimmering in the moonlight. His body tensed, and he stopped short to peer closer at the blood. Autumnpool set Stormstar down to join him, letting out a slight gasp when she saw the blood puddle as well.

The deputy and medicine cat exchanged glances before quickly rushing to the camp entrance. They darted through it, skidding to an abrupt hault when they saw the Dark Forest warriors swarming their camp. Nutwhisker's gaze immediately went to the pile of bodies where the fresh-kill pile used to be and he gagged at the overwhelming scent of death.

NoName's cold growl brought their attention to her. "Ah, welcome back, Lightclan. You left your camp a bit unguarded tonight so I thought I'd drop in to cause some mischief." She grinned crazily at them, her glowing white eyes piercing through the Lightclan cats as they all crowded the camp entrance.

"NoName! You're going to pay!" Autumnpool snarled, her voice cracking in grief for her lost clanmates.

"Dark Forest..." NoName glanced at her warriors, smirking joyfully. "...Attack!"

Chapter 33: Final Chapter

Flamefur's POV:

The sound of battling cats rumbled above the two she cats as they struggled to escape the nursery. Tyler and Tigerstripe stood guard at the tunnel entrance, forming a hard barrier that pushed them back every time they tried to slip past.

Flamefur flinched as there was a pain-filled wail from one of her clan mates as they battled bravely against the swarm of Dark Forest warriors. She had to escape the nursery and help the fight! She couldn't let her clan mates die while she did nothing to help. Why did NoName have to attack them? What did they ever do wrong?

There was a crackle of electricity beside Flamefur as Silvershy lunged for Tigerstripe, her paws outstretched for him. The brown tom darted away just in time and shoved Silvershy away with a hard kick to her face. The silver she cat fell hard against the tunnel wall, sliding down onto the ground with a small sigh. She was knocked out cold. *Fox-dung. Now I have to escape alone.*

Tyler growled, turning to Flamefur's brother. "Tigerstripe, join the fight, I can keep Flamefur here myself."

Tigerstripe dipped his head and dove into the fight- quickly placing another Dark Forest warrior beside Tyler in his place. The black and blue tom looked at the new arrival with a small hiss. "I can handle this, go back to the fight."

"No, i'm staying." The white and black tom replied firmly, sitting down to face the battle with a lash of his short tail.

Tyler rolled his eyes, keeping his gaze on the tom for a few more moments before turning back to Flamefur. "I can't believe we have to keep you two alive. You're too much of a nuisance."

Flamefur flattened her ears but didn't move from her crouched

position a tail-length away from him. She had to conserve her little amount of remaining energy for the chance she got to escape- if she even had one.

Starclan must've heard her silent prayers, because suddenly the Dark Forest warrior beside Tyler let out a cry of pain as a beam of orange light tore through his body, completely incinerating his chest. The black and white tom slumped on the ground, dead. Tyler let out a soft gasp and turned to look for the attacker. Flamefur spotted him first, crouched in the outskirts of camp near the nursery, his orange eyes glowing as he prepared to kill Tyler. *Zerec.* She had heard the name before, and she was sure he was the one.

Just as the second orange beam shot towards Tyler, Flare came out of nowhere and knocked her brother sideways with a yowl. The two siblings fell hard on the ground, the orange beam missing Flare's outstretched wings by a whisker-length.

Flamefur felt a small grin rise on her lips. *Thank you Zerec.* The tunnel entrance was wide open and waiting for her to run through it. She didn't let anymore precious moments pass, rushing out of the nursery and right into the heart of the battle.

She slammed right into a Dark Forest she cat, slicing her claws mercilessly through her flesh. Blood splattered on her pelt, and she welcomed the warmth it gave her in the cool night air. The she cat whirled around to face her, lunging for her, but she ducked and twisted away, pushing the she cat onto her back with an easy kick with her hind legs. Once she was down, the she cat was pinned and had her neck clawed out. Her dark red blood splashed onto Flamefur's paws, staining them, and she growled, turning to look for her next opponent. She wouldn't rest until all of the Dark Forest payed for killing so many of her clan mates. Her kits were dead because of NoName and her goons. She had to give NoName the same pain in return, but how?

Dime. Flamefur smirked as her gaze fell upon the dark furred tom as he attacked Autumnpool, viciously tearing his claws along the deputy's exposed belly. She slunk through the writhing bodies of fighting cats, quickly making her way to the edge where Dime and Autumnpool fought.

Once she reached them, she immediately dug her claws into Dime's haunches and dragged him off Autumnpool. The Dark Forest tom snarled and spun around to face her, his claws swiping over her muzzle. She hissed and let him go as blood filled her vision for a moment, taking a step back with a shake of her head. Dime charged for her with a growl, his claws sinking into her back as he tried to throw her off her paws. Flamefur tore herself away from him and circled around his other side, digging her teeth into his shoulder. He kicked her away and pounced on her, forcing her down onto her side. She pushed him away before he could firmly hold her down and snapped back to her paws, her claws swiping repeatedly at his face.

Dime's green eyes narrowed in anger as she tried to get under his bowtie to his neck and darted low, surging upwards with a powerful blow on her side with both of his paws. She staggered sideways with a gasp, her tail lashing to keep her balanced. Just as Dime prepared to give her head a strong blow with his paw, Autumnpool lunged for him. Despite her deep stomach wound, the golden she cat managed to knock him off his paws and pin him down, her teeth flying for his throat.

Unfortunately, Autumnpool didn't have time to get around his bowtie and he threw her off him, flipping them over so that he was pinning her down. The dark furred tom placed a brown forepaw on her chest and dug his claws in. The deputy let out a screech of pain and kicked at him, but he didn't budge. Dime laughed, his eyes filled with blood-lust as he sank his jaws deep into Autumnpool's neck.

Flamefur let out a yowl and darted for Dime but by the time she knocked him off the Lightclan deputy, it was already too late.

Autumnpool took her last, shaky breath before falling limp, dead.

Silvershy's POV:

Silvershy rose shakily to her paws, blinking her eyes to clear the blurriness. The battle still raged on around her. *Thank Starclan I*

wasn't out for too long. She stumbled as she trod quickly out of the nursery and into the main clearing.

She looked around for Tyler, seeing the black and blue tom frantically trying to dodge beams of orange light being thrown at him. She saw a light ginger tom with black paws and a black ear shooting the beams, his glowing orange eyes narrowed as he fought to kill Tyler.

Flare darted in behind the ginger tom and tried to slice her claws over his back, but she was thrown roughly backwards with a flick of his tail. Strike appeared from above, successfully landing on the tom. The black and red warrior was quickly sent sprawling on the ground with a howl of pain, clutching a broken foreleg.

Silvershy could see the three siblings were growing tired, their chests heaving as they struggled to find a way to land a blow on the light ginger tom. The silver she cat bunched her muscles and was about to lunge for the distracted Tyler when a grey tom raced into view, skidding to a halt before the ginger tom. One paw rose up, red mist forming around it. His blood red eyes fixed squarely on the ginger tom, a slight grin on his lips as his opponent let out a short gasp of shock.

That's the cat that pretended to be me! That's.. Zephyr! She remembered his name with a soft growl, watching as he stalked closer to the ginger tom with a paw still raised.

The light ginger tom shook his head frantically, baring his teeth. "Stop the illusions you coward!" He lashed out with a paw, a beam of orange light shooting towards Zephyr. He easily dodged it and lifted his paw further.

"But Zerec, you're being too much of a problem." Zephyr grinned as he lifted Zerec into the air. "It's time for you to leave." His claws unsheathed and Zerec let out a loud yowl, writhing in Zephyr's invisible grip.

Somehow, Zerec eventually broke free and dropped lightly to the ground, glaring angrily at Zephyr. The two Prometheans paced in a circle as they formulated plans to kill each other. Silvershy stared at

the two, not even realising it when Tyler, Strike and Flare dove into the main battle, completely ignoring her.

Zerec suddenly lunged for Zephyr, his orange eyes narrowed to slits as he shot twin beams at the grey tom. Zephyr darted away, his eyes focused on the ginger tom. After some more moments of dodging and glaring, he seemed to get a hold of Zerec again. The ginger tom growled fiercely and sank his claws into the ground, his eyes screwing shut against the illusion. Zephyr grinned and stepped closer, but he was suddenly knocked backwards by a blue forcefield that sprang into place before him, shielding Zerec. Zeye darted to Zerec, helping the ginger tom to his paws. The two felines turned to glare at Zephyr, who was staring at them in surprise.

Zerec let out a low growl as the blue forcefield dropped and he shot at Zephyr again. The grey tom slunk to the side, easily dodging the beam. But this time, Zeye created a forcefield behind Zephyr that deflected the shot right back at the grey tom. It hit him square in the rear and he let out a gasp of pain, stumbling forwards. Zerec lunged for him but he managed to hold him back with an illusion. The ginger tom dropped to a crouch with a low snarl of annoyance as he was trapped once again in an illusion. Zeye ran to assist Zerec, but was also stopped by one of Zephyr's illusions.

Silvershy gasped in horror as Zephyr reached Zerec and ripped the ginger tom's head clean off his shoulders. Blood splattered everywhere, including Zeye's white coat. The white tom was freed from the illusion, a terrible wail leaving his lips as he saw the dead Zerec. "N-no!" His eyes were wide as he stared at the limp body of the ginger tom.

Zephyr grinned happily at Zeye. "What're you going to do now that your brother is gone, Zeye?"

"I'm going to kill you!" Zeye growled and started towards Zephyr.

The grey tom shook his head. "Hm, but what about your little medicine cat son?" He smirked, glancing briefly behind Zeye where NoName and Dime could be seen dragging Nutwhisker towards them.

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Nutwhisker's POV:

Nutwhisker watched the battle in horror from the shelter of a bush near the edge of camp. His breath hitched in his throat and his green eyes widened as he watched Dime kill Autumnpool just as Flamefur lunged to stop him. On the other end of camp, a ginger tom fought with Zephyr. In the centre of the fight... His clan mates were barely visible, but their yowls of pain and misery as they were slaughtered were loud and clear, scarring Nutwhisker with his clan's denise forever.

He could spot Zeye tearing mercilessly through the Dark Forest warriors, one after the other. But their cries of pain never once drowned out the wails of the Lightclan cats. He was so thankful Zeye was there to help, without him Lightclan would've been wiped out. Now, the white tom gave them a chance at survival.

He watched as Zeye darted away from the crowd of fighting cats to assist the ginger tom. Nutwhisker didn't even notice a cat approaching him from behind, his attention glued to the Prometheans as they fought. He only noticed Dime when it was too late. The Dark Forest tom pounced on his back, forcing him onto the ground. Nutwhisker let out a gasp and he scrabbled at the ground to try and free himself but Dime held him down easily.

NoName laughed as she came up behind him. "Think you could hide from us, medicine cat?" Nutwhisker struggled as Dime started dragging him into the main clearing, towards Zeye, the ginger tom and Zephyr just as Zephyr killed the ginger tom.

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This part below⬇was written by @breezestxr :3

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Zeye's POV:

"Oh Zeye~" Came a sweet purr. He turned to see NoName smirking

wildly at him, beside the red she cat was Dime, who had his claws to Nutwhisker's throat.

"Here's the deal." NoName smiled. "If you leave now, Nutwhisker will be spared." To prove her point Dime sank his claws into the back of Nutwhisker's neck. The brown tom yowled in pain and thrashed about.

"No!" Zeye yowled.

"Then go. Leave the battle." NoName hissed.

Zeye stared at Nutwhisker hopelessly. "NoName, please don't do this!" The tom who had seemed so powerful before was now begging.

But NoName didn't listen, she just flicked her tail, an order for Dime to dig his claws in deeper. Zeye and Nutwhisker locked gazes. He couldn't look at his step-son. With tears welling up in his eyes, he blinked out of the Lightclan camp, dooming the clan to failure.

SCREeEEEeeeeEeeEaeaEEEEeeEeeaEEEee

Only the bonus chapter left and then series two is complete!

Bonus Chapter

NoName's POV:

"They're back." NoName heard one of her warriors comment and she looked up to see a large crowd of Dark Forest cats trot into Lightclan camp, the captured cats of the other clans quickly being herded with them.

Strike broke away from NoName's side to inspect the cats, his red eyes glittering with interest. "Are we keeping them all alive?" He asked.

"Not all." NoName replied, her voice cold. "The leaders will die."

There were wails of terror from the clan cats and they started to fight against their captors. NoName sighed faintly and glanced at Dime, who grinned. She nodded her head silently and he faded from view, invisible. NoName watched with a stone cold face as one of the cats- the Echoclan medicine cat, Horseblaze- was dragging by an invisible force out of the crowd. The medicine cat let out a yowl, kicking against the invisible Dime.

NoName raised her voice over the yowls. "Let this be an example of what happens when you disobey your new leader." She turned to Dime, who had become visible again, and nodded.

Her mate grinned before slicing his claws over Horseblaze's stomach. The medicine cat let out a howl of pain, writhing and struggling. The clans had fallen into a shocked silence as Dime viciously attacked the medicine cat, clawing his throat open so that he bled slowly to death.

NoName grinned as the clans stared at her in terror. Oh the power. It felt so good. She had gone through so much to get to this point. Finally she had conquered the clans.

She pricked her ears when something tapped her shoulder

repeatedly and she looked over to see Strike was tapping her. "What?"

"Some cat who calls himself Fox has taken Sagestar away to be killed because she was trying to kill him, apparently." Her brother murmured. "Is that ok?"

"Where?"

"Into the forest." He replied.

NoName narrowed her eyes. "Bring them back immediately."

Strike nodded and flew off to retrieve them.

It wasn't long before Strike returned, empty-pawed. "I can't find them anywhere."

"Mouse-dung. It was a trick. We have a spy!" NoName snarled.

Low growls echoed around the Dark Forest warriors and NoName hissed. "Find them!"

A large group of her warriors broke away and raced into the forest in search of Sagestar and the cat who had taken her.

While that happened, NoName gathered all the clan cats in the centre of the clearing. "Now for the executions!" She grinned.

And that is the end of series 2! There will be a series 3, but I'm taking a little break for a couple of weeks. I'll post a part on here saying when I've published book 1 of series 3.

Now, it's time for me to say thank you to everyone who has read these books so far. I'm soooo grateful. I have over 1k reads on almost all my books of these two series, like WHOA! It's amazing! Thank you all so much! Without all the support I never would've gotten here in the first place.

Now here are some people who are frequent voters and

commenters and deserve an extra special thank you from me :3

@warriors_fanfics

@The_Warrior_Writer

@Silverstxr

@islandwater

@WhisperSpirit

@jshin17

@henryz1

@SeeminglyThereButNot

@animal_lover287

@toomanymemes

Thank you so much for reading and I hope you enjoyed the series!

Series 3!

Book 1 of series 3 is published!

Here is the title:

Warriors: Shadows Triumph ~Book 1, Series 3~